American field

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The Horse.

The East Indian Turf.

BY UBIQUE.

[*Continued.*]

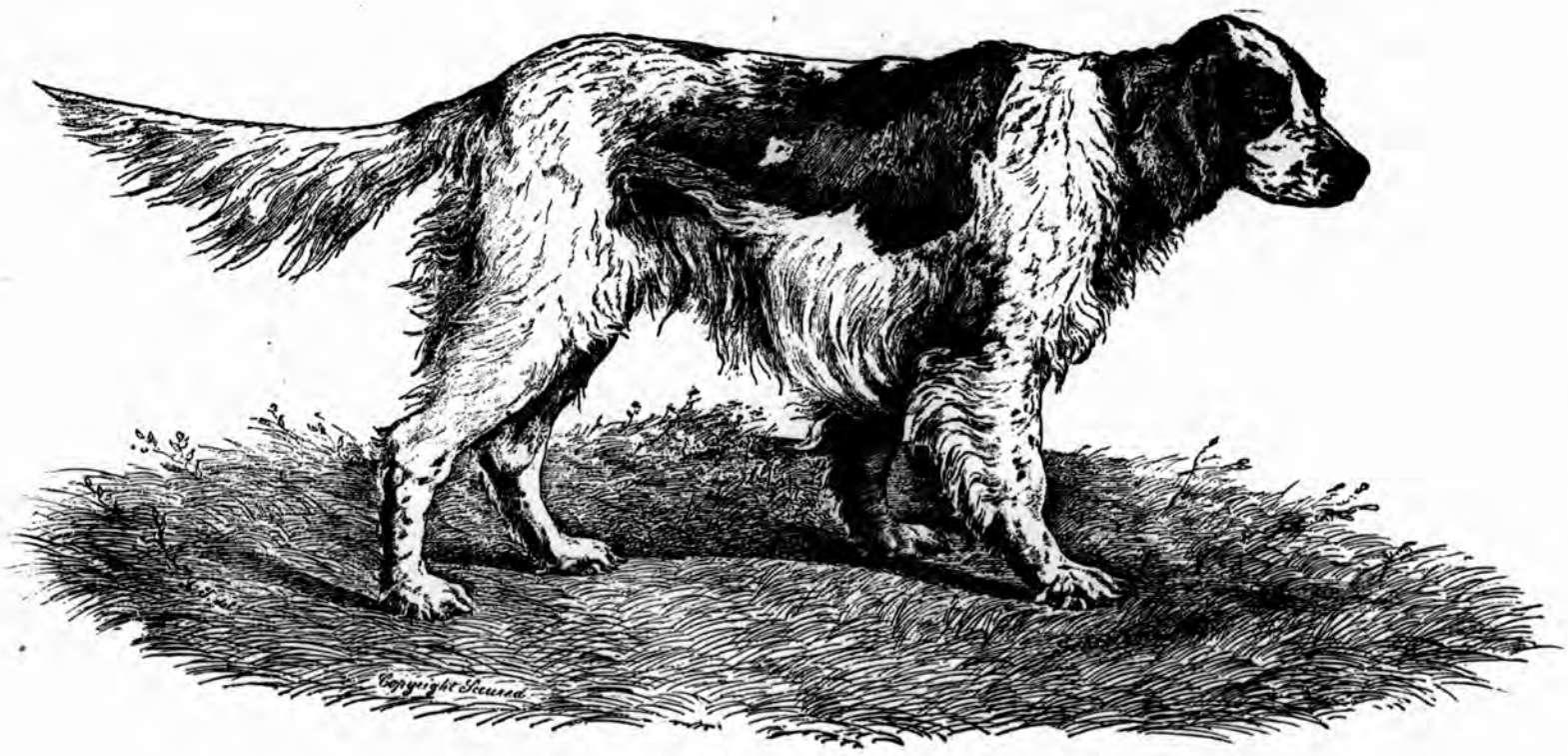
The London costermonger's advice to any stranger, whom he sees involved in a brawl, of "wire in and get yer name up" is sound, but not to be followed by me for fear of wearying your readers on a subject removed by so many thousand leagues from home associations and so I must, like the Scottish minister, come to "lastly." That divine had prayed for, from firstly, the Queen, down through the hosts of the Royal family, for the lords justices, and having at length exhausted every known object of ordinary special recommendation to the Creator, he paused at "lastly;" the word was out and could not be recalled and nothing but presence of mind could save his reputation with his flock; and "lastly, my brethren," repeated the pastor, "lastly let us praigh for the poor de'il, naebody praighs for the poor de'il the noo;" and so lastly we come to the English horse. Since the Suez Canal was opened the rates of freight for man and beast have so come down that it would be reasonable to suppose that at least as many English horses would be imported to India now, as there were before M. de Lesseps' great work was accomplished. Yet such is not the case, for the reason I have given in preceding numbers. Fifteen or twenty years ago it would cost £200 to convey a horse from Southampton to Bombay or Calcutta, and there were great difficulties in disembarking and embarking him in Egypt, more especially at Alexandria, where he really had to jump from the boat to the jetty; yet in those days the speculation was generally profitable especially on the Bengal side where all classes put in an appearance on the turf, whereas Madras and Bombay were pretty well content to confine themselves to Arab racing. The freight being so high and the price paid in England for a good horse running well on for four figures, it was natural that none but the richest of the racing men of India should import English horses; and this, coupled with the very large proportion of them that go amiss from causes to which I shall allude, makes it easy to understand that there have been but few English horses in India whose biographies are worth reading. In particular, the feet of English horses go wrong on the hard ground of India and split feet, false quarter, navicular disease and laminitis are fearful bugbears amongst them in an Indian racing stable. For many years past the government of Bengal has persisted in importing thoroughbreds from the Old Country for breeding purposes, and half-a-dozen stallions have annually been purchased for its studs; but I believe the policy to be very false, and what with their price, the expenses of importing them, and the high rate of pay given to the stud authorities, I am certain that every one of their get cost at least three or four times as much as better horses of other classes could be bought for. There may, however, be some improvement in them for the future, as hitherto the class of horses sent from England has not been by any means that most suited to Indian requirements, a fault not likely to recur just now, as Lord Salisbury has confided the purchasing in England to Col. Thornhill, a well-known racing man and cavalry officer in the Indian service, and than whom there is no better judge of a horse—especially of one suitable for India—in England. Besides the horses imported by the government of Bengal, those Englishers who break down or wear out on the turf are sold by their owners to government or to private breeders; but of the latter there are now but few, and hardly any, save Mr. Wallace, of Monghyr, who look on breeding thoroughbred stock in India as likely to prove aught more than an interesting experiment. As neither Madras nor Bombay have government breeding studs, the total number of English stallions in India is very small.

The first good Englishman that I remember in India was Coxcomb, a hardy, wearing game horse whose two mile time on the very easy Calcutta course was about 3.52. He could hold the Arabs safely enough, and also his generation of Australians, and his owner therefore made a good thing of him. His star was, however, destined to fade in favor of coming English ones mightier than he, and his role of John the Baptist was, luckily for his laurels, brought to an honorable termination by his falling dead just after passing the post when winning one of the by races of the Calcutta meeting of 1862. Towards the end of his career his nose was sadly put of joint by the doings of Voltige, a daughter of old Voltigeur, who had been used as a schoolmarm by John Scott for his two year olds at Langdon Wold. An Armenian gentleman, named Apcar, who owned an Arab named Nero, with whom he had cleared the Bengal courses, sent the latter to England, where he was wanted for crossing with thoroughbred mares, and had Voltige sent back as part of Nero's price. She had never been suspected of staying powers at home, but the fact that greatly superior speed makes any very fast horse a stayer when meeting much inferior cattle (*e. g.* Thunder's two mile performance in England last year) was never more clearly proven than in her case, for she won pretty well everything she started for, and was at last considered so invincible that her chance was discarded in lotteries, and the purchaser of the second horse used to be the winner. Her successes led speculators to import English antagonists for her; but though Northwold and Gridiron figured amongst such and were both respectable performers on their native heaths, neither they nor their less known fellow exiles could tackle the lady as long as her legs lasted; and I should say that she was decidedly the most successful horse that, hailing from England, has essayed the Indian turf. Besides large sums in stakes she carried off an enormous quantity of plate, and her owner's drawing room in Lancaster Gate bears sound evidence as to how profitable a good English horse must have been in the ante-Australian days. Her fate was as tragic as Coxcomb's, for shortly after her turf career was over, Mr. Apcar sold her to a native Rajah and she broke her neck from rearing over in her stall the very day she left her old stable. Her victories induced her owner to import largely and he even sent ships of his own to England, which brought him over ten or a dozen at a time, but no fresh prophet arose in Israel from amongst them, and in a racing point of view none of them paid for their keep. The same may be said of perhaps as many as a hundred others imported between 1860 and 1864 when Morning Star arose on the Bengal courses. She was a favorite mare of a captain of an infantry regiment, so when ordered to India, he, not knowing how good she was, took her out. It was soon found out that she could race, and whilst still new to the game, she tackled Vanderdecken who was supposed to be invincible. Beating him, his owner bought her and with the pair safely bid defiance to all. Her mile time was 1:43 and though she has done two miles in 3:42, or a shade under, a mile was her best distance, and as Vanderdecken's forte was distance, their owner had very pretty pickings till she died about two years after he bought her. With her set the glory of the English horse in the Northern presidency, or indeed in India, for though Bridesmaid and a few others have promised great things, none have been able to live with first-class Australians; and though I do not hold with the many who harp on the decadence of the English thoroughbred at home, I must allow that, however, likely they seem, and however good private characters they bear, none of those sent to India seem to have a chance with a good Australian there even at a mile, whilst at double that distance the colonial holds them still safer. Mr. Josephs who is the Matt Dawson of Indian trainers has, I see, risked a good deal of money in the purchase of Chancellor, a really good Englishman this year and may next season reverse the verdict after a new trial; but the difficulties an English horse has to contend with are best represented by the unknown quantity *x*, and though I would give sums to be there to see, I think I should, if so, be found amongst those betting against my own countryman, provided the Australians that meet him are of any class.

Whilst Bengal turfmen were importing so largely from the old country, we, in Bombay and Madras were groping our way about in search of money bags, and though, seeing through a glass darkly, spent a good deal of coin in importing as well as breeding experiments. Previous to the Australians proving their value, we got stock out to a limited extent from England. The first of these, as well as I remember, was a mare who was sent out for a wealthy Moslem of Hyderabad. He named her Shah Rookh, and there was rather a struggle to get hold of her to train. A Major Nolan succeed in doing so, and beat a large field of moderate Arabs and worse Australians in about 3:52 for the two miles. The subjects of the Nizam had seen no such performance previously, and so, after a common native custom the mare was taken out of training so as never to know defeat, and treated to ghoor and ghee (sugar and clarified butter) instead of sweats, and the turf knew her no more Succeeding her came Falbeck, a colt by Wingenund; but his racing career was almost equally brief, for after his first meeting at Hyderabad, which was notable only for the gallant struggle made with him by the Arab, Raby, who got up to his head in 3:50 for the two miles, he contracted farcy when on his 500 miles march back to Madras, and was only patched up enough to be sold to a "confiding Zemindar" wild to own a genuine Englishman; and here I may note that without similar anxiety or ambition on the part of native swells the risks of importation would have been excessive, and that as long as an English horse had stature, a head and tail, and the average number of legs, so long would some of our interesting though swarthy fellow subjects be prepared to invest in him, however doubtful might be his understandings, there was always a certain amount of balm in Gilead to the English owner of a crippled importation. As Falbeck was no doubt a good horse further risks in the same line seemed warranted, and three stoutly bred ones were sent out to my stable in '67. When they came up from Bombay recollections of the wealth of Marco Polo's time came to my mind, but six months dispelled all questions in regard to money except those connected with their engagements and forfeits. The first, a chestnut colt by Woolwich, named Explosion, had turned a roarer on the journey, and would have made a capital substitute for a trombone in a band. The second, Bullinch, a colt by Turnus, from Canary-bird got a bad fever when cutting his tushes in the September that intervened with his first meeting, and left all our hopes centered in the third, a filly named Czarina, by Autocrat, from Mrs. Carter. She really was a good mare, an opinion in which so many touts agreed that, as the races approached I had to give her all her fast work at night till the watchers must have concurred in the spirit of that beauteous prayer of Ajax in the Iliad:

"Lord of the earth and air,
Oh King! oh Father! hear my humble prayer;
This cloud dispel, the light of day restore!
Let me but see—and Ajax asks no more.
If Greece must perish we thy will obey,
But let us perish in the light of day!"

The fates were not, however, propitious in her case, as after giving



THE LAVERACK DOG, PEDIGREE.

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me a trial on the training course equivalent to a two mile 3:42 on the track, she split her off fore-foot into three pieces, and though brass quarterings, wire, and other devices were in subsequent years requisitioned in her behalf, and enabled her to pay her way, she never could be wound up thoroughly and cannot be considered a success. She and her two fellow travelers eventually graced the haras of native noblemen; but their racing failure was a damper, and as thoroughbred Australians were just then beginning to carry all before them, none of us in southern India got any more horses out from England; and I believe that within half a dozen years no race horses will be sent out from the old country, though there are always so many searchers after the philosopher's stone that good mares will doubtless be sent out, and if a really good climate and locality be selected, I dare say that judicious crossing with the Australian thoroughbred will produce good colts.

The task I set myself in four columns a month ago has now ended, as I have described the classes of horses that race in England's greatest dependency. I may at some future time carry your readers through the many other points of difference between the Eastern and Western turf systems; or to the jungle side, and give them the mighty boar, the tiger, panther, or the solitary "buff," but at present I must forbear. A return, happily only *pro tem.*, to the horrible wilderness of Western Minnesota, is enough to drive the *cacoethes scribendi* from the most facile of writers, and local surroundings destroy all inspirations, save perhaps those connected with the, alas! to be, I fear, everlasting grasshopper.

Latest Turf Gossip from England.

[*From our Resident Correspondent.*]

LONDON, ENG., Jan. 22, 1877.

The racing world is beginning to shake off its usual winter drowse; the great Spring handicaps are becoming the stable topic, and there is a plentiful assortment of entries and sweets in the shape of "small stable talk." The Society, as well as the sporting prints, are especially appreciative of the latter trifles, which they thicken up and color with any quantity of baked flour and burnt onions.

The principal supporter of the Spring handicaps is Lord Roseberry, who possesses a very formidable team of racers. Among the many recent additions to his stud is Brigg Boy, so that now his Lordship can boast both pace and bottom. Among the nominators for the City and Suburban is to be found the name of H. R. H. The Prince of Orange, son of the H. M. the King of Holland, both of whom are enrolled members of the Jockey Club. The Prince and "Mr. Shortlands" are identical, the latter being an assumed name.

As I anticipated, the three top weight for the Lincolnshire Handicap are: Mr. Batt's Thorn, aged, 9st. 5lb; Lord Rosebery's Controversy, 6 yrs, 9st 2lb, and Lord Dupplin's Petrarch, 4 yrs, 8st 13lb. It is not much of a straw between Controversy and Petrarch; but as I am of the opinion that the handicapping could have been better by setting both horses on the same rung of the ladder. I shall certainly stand Lord Dupplin's horse as the best of the heavy weights if not actually the best of the lot; the entry, however, is so strong and the work of the handicapper so well done that it should surprise no one if another Controversy were to come to the front, among the most formidable of the formidables stand the Bloss' lot, namely: Chaplet, Monaco, Poursiuvant and Strike; Chaplet, which carries 8 stone and Monaco 7 stone 10 lbs, will be remembered as doing good service last season for Lord Hartington. Lord Gowran with his 8 st 5 lbs cannot be considered a dangerous customer, and it must be particularly annoying to Mr. Morgan to find him so perseveringly kept in the front rank by the handicappers in the teeth of his many unsuccessful attempts; it looks clearly as if somebody thinks he has not yet had his day out. His stable companion, Lacy, has been treated, on the other hand, with plenty of leniency, having only been assigned 6 st 9 lbs, a piece of indulgency attributable, no doubt, to his new business, hurdle jumping. Mr. Bowes' Twine-the-plaiden with only 8 st 2 lbs should render a good account of herself, as with 7 st 3 lbs she last season held. Cemenbert and Wild Tommy perfectly safe. The Gunner with 8 st 1 lb and Woodlands and the Ghost with 8 st each can be of little anxiety to anyone, nor is there anything else very dangerous till we come to Brigg Boy the *proxime accesit* of last season; with the moderate impost of 7 st. 10, he must not by any means be considered out of it; Count LaGrange's Allumette, with the same weight should also be held to have a fair chance when we remember her brilliant exhibition in the One Thousand Guineas. Lord Fitz William's Breechloader if in anything like his old form, would be a *hard hitter* with only 7—5; though he was made to concede 12 pounds to Hazeldean, in the Newmarket Autumn Handicap, he was, nevertheless, thought good enough by the stable to back at the expensive rate of seven to four; but he has been in the sale list and I fear there is some screw loose that we wot not of; weighted on his merits, however, he has much to be thankful for. Tassel must be considered extremely well served with only 6-13; the public are doubtless of the same opinion, for 25 to 1 has been and continues to be, pretty freely accepted about him. As top weight among the three-year olds, comes Mr. Jawson's Bruce II, (the numerals being added in accordance with the new Jockey Club rule, there being a plater of the same name his senior), with 7-2, a most severe tax on a three-year old, and Bruce, they say, cannot stay a mile. The French division is represented with a three-year old colt called Vesuve, the property of Mons. Delamarre, which is supposed to be a second Veranda; his place in the scale is 5-12, and as he is a son of that extraordinary mare Veranda, and is known to be able to gallop he is worth backing at a fair price. Lirle, after getting third in the Cambridgeshire can hardly be out of it with 7—4, and Tetrarch, the winner of the Shropshire, is decidedly treated with 7—3, and both are sure to be well supported at something under 50 to 1. We understand the handicap is really the work of Mr. Ford, who is becoming quite a master of the art. The acceptances are to be made to Messrs. Weatherby on Tuesday next, at noon, and till then it would be both premature and idle to look very deeply into the horoscope.

The subscriptions to Hermit, Blue Gown, Lord Lyon, Doncaster and King of the Forest, are for the present season all full. It is decided after all that the stallion Mortimer will not be sent over to England, consequently several mares have visited him at Chamant. Probably at no period has there ever been so many high class sires in the country as now, and yet more brood mares are sent to France than ever, and if Chamant should turn out as it is expected he will, a second Gladiateur, the Gauls will have the laugh at us indeed, and Admiral Rous and his disciples will have a bad time of it indeed. The rapid advance of character which the French racing stock have made during the present era is so pronounced and undeniable that breeders begin to ponder on the why and the wherefore. *The Field* says very truly. "Despite the remonstrances of 'little men,' of clerks of courses, of trainers, and jockeys there will be an increasing clamor among the judicious for a closer approximation to the laws and practices which have made the French thoroughbred, though so vastly inferior in numbers, more than equal on the average to their English rivals." The climate, so much more genial than our own, has much to do with their superior development it is true, but there is more than climate to account for in the difference. The time has come when government should step in and frame good and wholesome laws for the welfare of the turf not only as a pastime, but as the legitimate institution for the improvement of our horse stock generally. It may be thought by my American friends that my enthusiasm would be more appropriate if kept at home: and that our system can hardly interest them; but any such objection I must venture to overrule by pointing out that bad examples often prove when exhibited in their proper light more beneficial than correspondingly good ones, and I intend it as no idle compliment when I declare my opinion very decidedly in favor of the American system of classing trotting horses by their "records" over the pernicious English custom of handicapping, for such is the ruin and abomination of the race course and all connected therewith.

The annual letting at Tattersall's of the Glasgow stud sires which, at one time, was an important feature of the breeding season, took place last Monday, but, comparatively speaking, the affair was a failure; it has certainly declined in importance. Out of the eleven put up, only three found renters, namely: Rapid Rhone, Brother to Rapid Rhone, and Locksley by Toxophilite, out of Miss Sarah. Rapid Rhone is taken by the master of the Devon and Somerset stag hounds at 150 guineas, exactly half the sum paid for him last year by Lord Rendlesham. The Brother was secured by Mr. Oliver for the paltry sum of 70 guineas, and and the son of Toxophilite and Miss Sarah fell to the share of Mr. Constable for 220 guineas after a spirited opposition from Mr. Wortley, of Richington. Such a miserable breakdown is only another indication that "there is something rotten in the State of Denmark."

The two stallions Silverwhite and Le Marechal will be included in today's (Jan. 22) bill of fare at Albert Gate.

Just as I'm making up to catch the mail, I learn that Twine the Plaiden was struck out of the Lincoln Handicap directly the weights appeared; *some owners are never satisfied.* CARACTACUS.

SMUGGLER.—Col. Russell, the owner of the celebrated trotting stallion Smuggler, proposes to open a book for 50 mares, at $200 each. In the event of his subscription not reaching that number, he will be put in training. He has been driven the past Winter, and is said to be in fine shape. Smuggler's best three heats, in any race last year, were 2:15¼, 2:17, 2:16¼.

Mr. R. Penistan has sold his trotting chestnut gelding Richard to Foster Dewey, of New York city, for £5,000. Richard has a record of 2:25, made at Saginaw last Summer. Richard in good hands should be able to trot in 2:20 this season. He is well bred, being sired by Blue Bull, dam by Sir Leslie; stands 15¼ hands and is faultless in his conformation.

Gift
Mrs. Marion Pitney
June 21, 1973

Tips.

The title of this short article will not, I trust, delude the reader for one moment into a belief that I am about to select the winner of the Derby, or that I am in possession of the greatest certainty or moral for a double event—Lincolnshire Handicap and Grand National—the two horses having been kept purposely in the dark for years, and the tremendous secret known only to the "astute parties" concerned, renowned for their cleverly-planned *coups* (as the tipsters have it) and myself. Neither am I about to divulge the secret of my own peculiar *modus;* so peculiar by the way, that the setting into motion of its subtle and intricate machinery usually causes me pecuniary embarrassment for the next six months or so to come. Nor, strange to relate, have my discretionary investments been attended with happier results, for in nine cases out of ten I succeed, not only in carefully losing my friend's "fiver" rashly entrusted to me, but not unfrequently one or two more "to follow," in my frantic endeavors to get it back, much to my friend's satisfaction, of course.

In balancing my religiously kept betting ledger at the end of the racing season, I have invariably found most of the entries on the wrong side to be the result of listening to the voice of that much-to be-dreaded charmer, your friend who knows of a real good thing. An acquaintance of mine will insist upon giving me tips. I hate the sight of him, and now carefully avoid him on the eve of any big race; more especially on that of any important handicap. This sort of man is an intolerable nuisance. The Saturday previous to a race you have closed your betting book, you are quietly enjoying your lunch at the club, happy, peaceful, and contented. If not treading on velvet your footstep is, nevertheless, light, your walk brisk, and as you ruminate over your pint of dry Giesler, and the possibility of a grand *coup*, the more than probability of your defraying your expenses for the London season, and of that brougham, you know, by your winnings, with merely the remote chance of losing a few pounds in the event of a rank outsider coming in first. Enter your friend, and exit your peace of mind. He delivers himself of his tip in that peculiar way of his, as indescribable as unfortunately it is irresistible. Taking you apart in a corner, and putting on an expression, a strange mingling of secrecy and sagacity, combined with an anxiety to do you a good turn, yet tinged with a make-believe-reticence, he whispers the magic name of the horse who is "coming with a rattle," and will "walk in," or else informs you that such a horse is as good as a "dead one," the one you stand to win upon, of course; hastily you bid the hall porter hail the first hansom, and off you go to Tattersall's or to one of the clubs, to "get out of your money" at any sacrifice. Then when, after all, your much maligned favorite's number is hoisted up in triumph, you wish your friend—well, never mind where.

Were it not for the love of our fellow creatures towards one another displayed by the freer interchange of "tips" (about the only way, by the by, most of them manifest that love on the Turf, or anywhere else), who on earth could be induced to back such utterly hopeless chances as are supported by the public in every handicap of any importance?

Nothing short of a coroner's inquest can persuade some people that a horse is dead, at least so far as his chance of winning the race for which he is fancied is concerned; and now there is a gradual and steady increase of suspicion gaining ground day by day amongst the public, that whenever a horse is reported to be amiss it is merely a *ruse* on the part of the stable to obtain longer odds. It is also a recognised fact that stables who have had two or more horses engaged in a handicap by at once declaring openly the best at the weights have to their astonishment obtained good long prices against it, honesty certainly in this case being the best policy, simply because nowadays so many people on the turf, probably taking a pretty good line through themselves, agree with the Psalmist in his hastily-formed, yet, nevertheless, tolerably accurate view of the aptitude of mankind for telling the truth. Not long ago there was an ill-advised agitation set on foot to restrain, as far as possible, newspaper reports of the doings and condition of horses in training. Considering that these reports are, as a rule, faithfully given, surely their suppression would be attended with greater facilities to turf dishonesty.

Taking it in the aggregate, perhaps, not one apparently good "tip" out of ten is worth anything; but we are so apt to be unmindful of the bad ones we receive in blind admiration of the one—the plum. For instance, a man is told by a casual acquaintance, for whose judgment he would not give a straw, to back so-and-so for such a race. So-and-so wins. "Fool that he was not to have backed him." This is the burden of his wearisome song as he wanders about vainly seeking rest, and boring his friends. But he is quite forgetful of the fact that he was told to back some half a dozen horses, and by better judges, too, for the same race. The airs that some ignorant fools give themselves who have either had bets crammed down their throats, or have been unable to "get out" of their money when a Hermit or Doncaster wins, is enough to make one almost inwardly chuckle with the knowledge that such a "turn-up" not unfrequently brings them "to grief," either from their conceit or from their cultivating a taste for speculating in matters about which they are in supreme ignorance. There are some simpletons who, having the luck or ill-luck, as the case may be, of knowing an owner of race horses, trainer, or leading jockey, not only boast of their intimacy with them, by repeating what scant crumbs of information they may have picked up, but in order to gain additional importance in the eyes of their friends, give rein to their probably-at-all-times errant imagination, and circulate reports that have no foundation in them whatever. This class, larger, perhaps, than may be supposed, do no little towards filling up a fielder's book. While speaking of "tips," a word is scarcely out of place respecting the curious, prying, and ill-bred men in search of them, who will pester an owner, with whom he has but probably a slight acquaintanceship, to divulge either his intentions or his horse's condition or capabilities. This is an unpardonable impertinence. The rebuke was well merited when a stranger to the owner of a great Derby favorite some years ago, on the eve of the race requested permission to "interview" the horse, and was quietly asked by the noble owner whether he would not also like to see his wife, that lady having only about the day before presented her lord and master with "another," and being kept, as a matter of course, in as strict seclusion in consequence, as the horse himself. Touts now frequently on the race course have the effrontery to badger a wretched owner out of his senses for what they are pleased to term "the stray tip;" to give which, as they would assuredly disseminate it right and left for half-crowns to their numerous clients, is particularly conductive to the owner's interest, more especially should his horse already have reached a short price in the betting. Should a man be in any way connected with a racing stable, or in the most distant manner to anybody who is, from the owner of a race horse to the boy who rides him in walking exercise, he in his own particular way may become a recognized authority in everything appertaining to the turf. Thus, in these, as in most other matters of a graver nature, an assumption of importance and a large amount of impudence are all that is required as stock in trade to set up as being superior to one's fellow creatures, and consequently to acquire a crowd of blind and infatuated admirers. Sorrowfully must we come, then, to the conclusion that "tips" as a rule are but as so many snares and delusions wherewith to entrap the credulous and unwary into parting with their money. This is not, of course, always so, but we must bear in mind that "real good tips," like other commodities of the same nature, rarely are sown broadcast, or that the halt, the maimed, and the blind are invited to be participators in them. They are rather kept hidden away in the breasts of a chosen few, or, to use a vulgarism, "bottled up" until after the race is over, while the public, kept carefully in the dark, ruefully exclaim "Who would have thought it?"—*Bell's Life.*

VALLEY BROOK STUD SALE.—The sale of the Valley Brook Stud, Rutherford Park, N. J., the property of Messrs. Thos. Puryear & Co., took place on Feb. 7th to close a partnership. This was in consequence of the death of Mr. David Crawford. The prices realized were low in consideration of the quality of the stock offered. The total amount realized was $8930, or an average of $470 per head. The head of the harem, Narragansett, by imp. Eclipse, whose get raced well last season, was knocked down for $1,010. The following are the amounts realized on the others. Warwick, by imp. Leamington, dam Minnie Minor, T. Puryear, $220; Meco, by Narragansett, dam Julietta, J. Hinchman, $300; Lizzie Berry, by Lexington, dam Louisa M. Berry, in foal to Warwick, P. Lorillard, $500; Minnie Minor, by Lexington, dam Julia, P. Lorillard, $500; Chignon, by imp. Balrownie, dam Jewel, in foal to Warwick, P. Lorillard, $350; Julietta, by Censor, dam Julia, D. D. Withers, $325; Pastura, by Censor, dam Pasta, in foal to Warwick, H. Winter, $150; brown filly, foaled 1873, by Narragansett, by Pastura, E. Clark, $255; Kingsland, foaled 1874, by Narragansett, dam Maidstone, G. L. Lorillard, $1270; Black Cloud, by Narragansett, dam Lizzie Berry, T. Puryear, $115; Top, by Naragansett, dam Chignon, E. Clark, $410; Palmetto, by Narragansett, dam Minnie Minor, Dwyer Brothers, $1700; chestnut colt, foaled 1875, by Narragansett, dam Minnie Minor, J. Kelly, $110; bay colt, foaled 1875, by Narragansett, dam Chignon, G. L. Lorillard, $400; bay colt, foaled 1875, by Narragansett, dam Pasta, T. Puryear, $190; chestnut colt, foaled 1875, by Narragansett, dam Pastura, T. Puryear, New Jersey, $145; chestnut colt, foaled 1875, by Narragansett, dam Julietta, Dwyer Brothers, $700; bay filly, foaled 1875, by Narragansett, dam Lizzie Berry, J. W. Stout, $180.

THOSE INDIAN PONIES.—The United States officers are having their hands full collecting up the ponies drop'd on the way and stolen from the herd between Fort Lincoln and St. Paul. The officers have been authorized to sell them wherever found and give warrantee deeds that "the little rats" belong to the parties who buy and pay for them. It is reported that ponies are found behind every hay stack.

Will o' the Wisp to Camden.

CHICAGO, Feb. 5, 1877.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I have been so busy that I have not hitherto been able to answer Camden, who in your paper of Jan. 20th has taken up the cudgelo against my article on the "Origin of the Horse." It is impossible to thoroughly answer one who does not argue but asserts "The present age of the world is now nearly six thousand years," and further that "From the earliest time of which we have any certain knowledge we know that the bear, the tiger, the ass, the horse, etc., existed in just as perfect condition."

It is fortunate for my shallow and unstudied learning on scientific matters that there is no depth of thought or labored research required to repel the attack of Camden, for his own weapons are so feeble and his assertions so contradictory that a brief rejoinder will suffice.

How does Camden know that "the present age of the world is now nearly six thousand years?" Was he present when the Creator was at his work, or did he hear the account being delivered to the first scribe who who placed that history upon material record? If, as I presume, he was not, his knowledge on these points is on a par with the knowledge of the rest of the world, and based upon the printed words in the Bible describing the Genesis. Now let me assure Camden and others of your readers that I have as humble and holy a respect for the spirit of the Bible and its teachings as he or they, but that I have had firstly, experience in the figurative style of speaking and narration of Asiatic nations; secondly, that the average Oriental scribe (even of the present day) is careless of stops and heedless of blunders, and lastly, that translators and printers are apt to make blunders and *leave them standing* to go down to posterity as a fact. The Bible has come to us through *all* these stages; its earlier history was transmitted from father to son doubtless down to Moses' time, or later, then written up after having travelled for over three thousand years, even by Camden's account, by word of mouth. Camden may not know—but you certainly do—the fearful changes travel works upon any narative; also that it needs not an Oriental scribe or translator to make blunders; thirdly, that the devil is sometimes in the typos and proof readers; you then, if not Camden, can appreciate me when I say that, though fully believing in the Bible, I cannot accept the fact of the world's creation as *summarized* in Genesis to be *literally* as there given. The outline, however, of the Creator's work is there distinctly shown, and that outline I believe has been fully filled in by the scientific discoveries of men such as those who Camden sneers at.

Camden says: "History, both sacred and profane, tells us that from the very earliest times they had the horse in their armies. Pharoah had war horses when he drove the Israelites into the sea." . . . Who doubts it? As far as I know, by the light of geological discoveries, the horse existed for many untold ages on this earth before it was fit for man's occupation. As far as sacred history goes we do not know much of the horse, but profane history takes us further than Pharoah's time; and if I am not much mistaken recent discoveries in Assyria and Egypt have taken us to a date previous to that given for the flood in the Bible. If then profane history, which Camden enlists on his behalf, by facts and figures can prove the more recent event of the flood to be incorrectly recorded, how can he assert that the date of the world's origin is not also incorrect.

Now for Camden's second assertion. "From the earliest times of which we have any certain knowledge we know that the bear * * * existed in just as perfect a condition." How does he know? Was he present to take an inventory of those animals that came out of the ark, or does he know that such an inventory was taken, and that all the animals at present in existence were then checked off as they marched out by twos and sevens? But even if he had been there and checked them off, and had at present in his possession the original record, I should be inclined to say that he must have made a little mistake. Imagine even one specimen of all the animals at present known in this world to be packed in a log house 450 feet long, 75 feet wide, and 45 feet high. Of course the fishes and aquatic birds needed no harbor, but all else did, and of these there were to be housed *seven specimens of each of the clean beasts* and two each of the *unclean* beasts. In Leviticus, Chapter XI, there is a list of clean beasts as under the Mosaic dispensation; let us, for the sake of argument, accept them as the clean beasts indicated in Genesis, Chapter VII.

According to this classification there were seven of each species of cloven footed ruminants, that is, seven of each of every kind of ox, deer, antelope, sheep and goat. To see how many kinds of these there are known on earth examine some book on natural history and then mass them by sevens and start to fit them into an ark of the dimensions given above. In addition to these add seven of each of all of the clean birds including such small parlor pets as the ostrich, emu, and now extinct dinornis and moa of New Zeland. Besides all these animals, where would he store the provender to last out such a voyage as was made by the "father of mankind." Camden may say that the beasts were miraculously fed as well as miraculously stowed; but if the Creator was to have any miracle about the job, would it not have been more natural for him to have performed the miracle out right and saved those eight men and the myriad of animal life by one grand coup?

Need I go any farther. Is it necessary to say that a man who sticks to the literal text of the Bible is unfit to discuss scientific subjects? Yes I need go just one step further. Camden and such others who adheer to the letter of the sacred text in the face of the distinct expositions of science and geology, which are in accordance with the vast spirit of Genesis, are doing more to make doubters and infidels than all else in the world. They give God credit for infinite power and scope, yet curb him down to man's definition of a day. God said that a thousand years are but a day in his sight, and if a thousand years why not ten thousand or any untold ages. God is infinite, and the infinite cannot be measured by the finite. Such men as Camden desire to curb the majesty of the Creator into a day; whereas, such men as Miller, Huxley, Tyndal and others are only demonstrating his greatness and power.

There are other weak points in Camden's arguments and assertions, but he seems to have pinned his faith on the *letter* of the Bible, and by that *letter* I have ridiculed his objections, feeling that your pages are too valuable to be taken up in unscientific arguments. My theory was not advanced as an assertion, but as an ideal picture of what might have been; and if you will so kindly permit, I will theorize at some future date upon why this might have been, and preach, too, from Camden's text the book of Genesis. WILL O' THE WISP.

Almont vs. Other Sires.

MENDOTA, ILL., Feb. 5, 1877.

Editor Chicago Field:—In answer to the very able article—from the pen, no doubt, of Mr. Bruce, a first-class horseman and editor, taken from the *Kentucky Live Stock Record*—which appeared in your valuable paper, I feel as though it would be but just to offer a few remarks in regard to the summary of the get of Almont. I have no doubt it is meant as an answer to the article written by me to another journal some few weeks ago. Now I will offer a few facts taken from the records, which Mr. Bruce says is the only true guide, which I must admit to be only too true. It is well known to every sportsman that there are several stallions who can show a better record for their progeny than Almont, and we will leave out the deceased "Hero of Chester" and his mighty son Volunteer. All they can claim for Almont is three heats below 2:30, or 45 heats below 2:45. Now if we compare the get of a few stallions by the record, we shall plainly see how they stand by the following:

The get of Edward Everett		151	heats below	2:30
"	Daniel Lambert	78	"	2:30
"	Pilot, Jr	68	"	2:30
"	Champion (Gooding's)	62	"	2:30
"	Blue Bull	37	"	2:30

Now the above table of comparison will show of itself if Almont should be called the greatest sire of trotters either living or dead, as his owner advertises him, and it is a fact which no one can deny that Almont has the finest harem of broodmares in this or any other country; all trotters, dams of trotters, or well bred trotting broodmares, which is something every stallion cannot command, and therefore why should he fail to get trotters? Why is it that we do not raise more trotters in this State? We have as good stallions as can be found, but we sadly lack in broodmares, which is undoubtedly the cause. We have two well bred stallions in this town, one a Morrill and the other a grandson of Mambrino Chief, that, had they the chance that Almont has, could not fail to get trotters, for they are unexceptionably well bred. But before we can raise trotters in this State we must get well bred dams to breed them from I am sorry to say I fail to see Almont's name as a sire in the 2:30 list of last year. Now take any of the stallions mentioned above and give them the 72 choice broodmares to embrace that Gen. Withers has upon his farm, and I am satisfied they will show fully as well if not better than does Almont. One thing in my humble opinion is a drawback to any sire, and that is to have their get trained from the time they are yearlings, and I fail to find any of the early trained ones make good campaigners, either East or West. Hoping I have not taken up too much of your valuable space, and wishing the CHICAGO FIELD every success (your paper is well thought of here, and may it live long and prosper is my earnest wish). Yours respectfully, ED. LAWRIE.

STUART, IA., AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The enterprising management of this association have issued their programme for a three day's meeting commencing July 2d. A varied programme of trotting, pacing and running supported with $1,500 in purses will tend to make this gathering attractive.

The Trotting Interest.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., Feb. 2, 1877.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—The trotting interest of this country has become so important that its management is attracting much attention. Having been more or less engaged in it for many years, and always a careful observer of what has been said and published on the subject, I beg leave to offer through the medium of your paper, a few suggestions for the consideration of those who are more immediately connected with the trotting turf, whether owners of trotters or managers of associations. The National Association has too often been made a target at which those who preferred some other system, or some modification of that, have fired their shots indiscriminately. This has always appeared to me both injudicious and unjust. Doubtless the congress and Board of Appeals of that association have each committed some errors. No human tribunal can always be right. Yet I think all candid observers will concede that the National Association has been productive of great and lasting benefits to the trotting interests of this country.

The question to be fairly and carefully considered is, can it be of any considerable benefit in the future, as at present organized. My own belief is, that it cannot. The local associations have become too numerous and extend over too much territory to permit of their being under the direction and control of a single organization any longer without prejudice to the true interests of the trotting turf. Suppose the United States Courts, had exclusive jurisdiction of all judicial proceedings throughout the United States. Does any man believe that matters of law and equity would be administered as satisfactorily, as they are now? There can be but one response from all candid and reflecting minds.

The objections, so conclusive against such an organization of the courts, are equally applicable to the National Association.

For want of local knowledge it cannot properly adjust a case, the facts in regard to which are warmly disputed. In every such case a personal knowledge of the contestants, witnesses, and other circumstances is indispensable. And as in the courts, every case should be tried and decided in the State where it arises. Such a system would avoid the great expense attending the trial and adjudication of a case before the Board of Appeals. As matters stand now, it is a grave question whether a man who has a case involving the amount of $500 to $1,000, had better abandon it or seek to obtain it before the Board of Appeals.

Some of the decisions of that tribunal which I deem erroneous are especially prejudicial to the owners of horses. I will mention one. The rules require that the entry of a horse shall be accompanied by a payment of the entrance money and that without a compliance therewith a horse cannot compete in that class. This is all very plain and only just also. But what is the practice under it? The associations receive a mere notice of entry without any payment of entrance money, and record and publish that as an entry. If it is proposed to start the horse he is refused permission because of non-payment of entrance money. But with nothing more done they proceed to suspend the horse and owner for non-payment of entrance money. They do the same thing if the horse does not appear at all at their meeting. And the Board of Appeals *sustains this practice*. Was there ever a grosser absurdity. The horse is not entered so that he can trot, and if he does not appear at the meeting he is in no sense within the jurisdiction of the association; and yet he is entered so that he can be suspended, and that suspension excludes him from competing anywhere within the National Association; and yet we all know there are many such cases of absence from the meeting in consequence of some temporary injury to the horse or other like cause, where no fraud whatever was intended. This making of the National Association a huge collecting agency is entirely unnecessary under the rules, because every association can protect itself by refusing entries until payment is made; and in cases similar to those I have stated it is entirely unjust not to characterize it by any harsher name. Again, if each association acted independently or if each state organized by itself, there would be an immense advantage to the breeders of horses over the present system. Some premiums could and would be given for horses of the same age, running say from four to eight years old inclusive. And for those of six years, races of two mile heats, and three mile heats for seven and eight years old. By such a course breeding would be stimulated. And by it we should ascertain what stock matures quickest, has the most speed and the most endurance. And what particular branch of any family possesses any or all of these qualities in the highest degree. Under the present system we are little better informed on these subjects than we were when it was first organized. And they are vital questions to the breeder, because he wants to breed horses which will be desirable for the road in case they lack speed for the turf. And no gentleman wants a road horse that quits at the end of a mile. There are many other considerations which will readily occur to every man of experience in these matters, and therefore it is unnecessary to suggest them. But as the horsemen throughout the country are now preparing for the approaching trotting season, I respectfully call their attention to these questions; believing that the circumstances now surrounding us demand the most careful consideration, as well as the wisest action in radically reforming our trotting system and thus preventing it from falling into disrepute or making the trotting turf an arena of trickery, gambling and fraud, which all honorable men will avoid.

VETERAN.

Weight-for-Age Races.

The following letter from Lord Falmouth on this subject appeared in the London *Daily Telegraph* of January 25:

SIR,—The observations you have been good enough to make in your article which has reached me this morning, upon the motion of which I have given notice, relative to the entering and running of foreign horses in certain weight-for-ages races in this country, render it desirable that I should place before the public some of the reasons which have induced me to submit to the Jockey Club so distasteful a measure, as they may not be fully understood.

Several years ago I called the attention of some of the leading members of the Club to the inevitable consequences of throwing open *all* our races, as a matter of course, to the horses of other countries, but there were not sufficient data at that time to lead to any definite conclusions, and the matter was treated as one merely of opinion.

Since then every word urged against the the practice is being borne out by facts, and when it is easily seen that, owing to the prohibitions against our horses running abroad, the number of mares kept in the country has been annually decreasing, that English breeders are deprived of almost every foreign market, excepting, be it said to their praise, that of the United States of America; and that for the same cause the country is now further threatened with an additional loss by the removal of breeding establishments to the Continent, it is surely high time some steps were taken to stop these disastrous results, and it is only to be hoped they may not be too late.

Everyone conversant with the usbject of horse racing is doubtless aware that it now virtually resolves itself into two classes, one of which may be termed the handicap and plating element, the other the weight-for-age; and the common complaint has been that, while the former has greatly increased, the latter with difficulty holds its own—so much so that at the majority of meetings we have but little else than short course handicaps and selling races; and even at Newmarket last Autumn one whole day was devoted to this description of sport.

We have always been told that weight-for-age racing is the most worthy of support, and I believe this view is generally endorsed by the country; but every man of experience will acknowledge the downward tendency above referred to is only the natural consequence of a practice which allows (*pour encourager les autres*, I suppose) large sums of money subscribed by the few followers left of this best branch of the pursuit to go annually to the improvement of the horses of other nations, whose breeders, judging from the increase of racing in recent years on the Continent, have not been slow to profit by such "innocent" policy.

The mistake has been in assuming that the foreign contributions to our stakes here have more than counterbalanced any loss English horse owners may have suffered. It is heartily to be wished it was so, and I can only say that if it were I for one would never utter a word against the present state of things; but, as matters stand, men, finding their accounts year after year bad, naturally, and without knowing why, are insensibly driven from weight-for-age racing to plating—a sport which foreign nations patronise but little in comparison to ourselves. It is an error to suppose that the principles of free trade are compromised by the proposition now before us, inasmuch as by them the foreign competitor supplies us with a necessary in return for our gold, whereas in this case he runs off with our money and his goods too.

Last year—not an exceptional one—the Continental horses netted between £14,000 and £15,000 over and above their owners' contributions to our weight-for-age stakes. I should like to know how it can possibly be expected that those English horse owners who ran next them, and on whom the whole burden fell, can subscribe as largely this year to this description of race as they would have done if they had not had to undergo such a drain upon their purses. They cannot afford to sacrifice so much to the lookers-on who may enjoy the sport, but do not pay.

We are told that to pass such a rule would be tantamount to an acknowledgment of inferiority or an act of submission. It is difficult to understand such reasoning when what we demand is, to be placed in a position to attack. And, to show the readiness of this country to assert its superiority, I may call your attention to the circumstance that while in our very next Derby the whole of the nations of the Continent put together contribute 28 subscriptions, to the Grand Prix this "tight little island" alone furnishes 108.

Nor should the high-sounding phrase of "friendly rivalry," "British liberality," and other sentimental feelings be any longer permitted to interfere with matters of hard business in which British interests are involved. It is because I believe the character and consequent value of our horses—which I am confident are as good as ever—are by our policy becoming unjustly traduced, our yearlings rendered utterly valueless on the Continent, and the circus like description of racing promoted, that I have given notice of my motion; and if the country prefers to uphold the present policy it can do so, but if it does it may be certain of one thing, and that our breeding and weight for age racing must soon become matters of history. I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

FALMOUTH.

Tregothan, Jan. 28.

DEATH OF HERALDRY.—We learn from the Kentucky *Live Stock Record* of the death of this famous old brood mare at Ashland, Lexington, Ky., on the place of her birth, December 31, 1876, thus surviving through the Centennial year, and nearly to the age of 31 years. Heraldry was a chestnut, foaled in April, 1846, at Ashland, the first colt of the no less noted brood mare Margaret Woods, presented to the Hon. Henry Clay, by Col. Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, a prince among gentlemen and for many years the leading importer and turfman of the South. Col. Hampton was the father of the present Gen. Wade Hampton, Governor of South Carolina. Margaret Woods, when presented to Mr. Clay, was in foal to Herald, and the produce was Heraldry, who, like many other celebrated brood mares, was never trained, owing to an accident when a yearling. Heraldry, by Herald, 1st dam Margaret Woods, by imp. Priam; 2d dam Maria West (Wagner's dam), by Marion; 3d dam Ella Crump, by imp. Citizen; 4th dam by Huntsman; 5th dam by Symme's Wildair; 6th dam by imp. Fearnaught; 7th dam by imp. James. The following is a list of her produce:

1850—Ch f Margaret West, by imp. Yorkshire.
1852—B f Balloon, by imp. Yorkshire.
1853—Ch f Parachute, by imp. Yorkshire.
1854—B f (died a foal), by imp. Yorkshire.
1855—Ch f Ascension, by imp. Yorkshire.
1856—Dead foal, by imp. Yorkshire.
1857—B c Sailor, by imp. Yorkshire.
1858—Ch c Godard, by imp. Yorkshire.
1860—B f ——, by imp. Yorkshire.
1862—Lost twins by Vandal.
1863—B c, by Colton (died).
1864—Br c Petercumalinctum, by Austerlitz.
1865—Br f Sally of the Valley, by Austerlitz.
1867—Dead colt by Sherrod.

Missed to imp. Yorkshire in 1851, barren in 1861, '66, '68, '69, '70, '71, '72, '73, '74, '75, '76.

Margaret Woods, her dam, was the winner of the Trial Stakes, two mile heats, at Nashville, Tenn. in 1843, in three heats, in 4:04½, 4:12½, 4:17½, course very heavy, and Herald, her sire, who was by Plenipotentiar, out of imp. Delphine by Whisker, won the second heat of the Great Peyton Stakes, four mile heats, won by Peytona in four heats in 8:52, 8:50, 8:35, 8:52. Herald was second in the third and fourth heats, and in the opinion of good judges it was believed that Herald would have been the winner had he been differently managed. The whole amount, $14,000, of the the Trial Stakes won by Margaret Woods, the dam of Heraldry, was most generally bestowed upon the churches of Nashville by her princely owner, Col. Wade Hampton. Besides Heraldry, Margaret Woods produced Maria Wood, Wade Hampton, Star Davis, Allandale, Capt. Travis, Yorktown, Mary Woods, Anna Travis, Georgie Wood, &c., all or nearly all of whom have made themselves names either on the turf or at the stud. The produce of Margaret Woods and Heraldry have been very highly prized and extremely profitable to the descendants of Mr. Clay, of which there yet remains at Ashland, Georgie Woods, by imp. Knight of St. George; La Gitana, by Uncle Vic, out of Georgie Woods, and Balloon (the dam of Revolver and True Blue), by imp. Yorkshire, out of Heraldry, and Buff and Blue, by War Dance, out of Balloon. From the younger descendants of this blood—for Balloon is 25 years old—the name and fame of this family seems destined to be kept ever green in the history of the turf.

TURF NEWS AND STOCK ITEMS.—Col. H. S. Russel, of Milton, Mass., the owner of the famous stallion Smuggler, has lost by death the Orloff trotting mare Maud Muller, who was imported into the United States by Col. Miller, of Boston, in 1864. Maud Muller was bred on the Island of Williamsburg, in the Elbe, foaled in 1857, and was sired by Bruckwillow, a celebrated Orloff stallion in the stud of the King of Hanover, her dam being also of the Orloff breed. Like all of that strain of blood, she early showed great trotting speed, and at Hamburg trotted a mile in 2:26. She was then purchased by Col. Miller, and brought to this country, where she has produced several fast horses well known on the road....E. P. Milliken, who for over a quarter of a century has filled the office of secretary of the South Carolina Jockey Club has sent in his resignation. This club is the oldest racing organization in the United States, and on its membership roll appears the names of Washington Pinkney, Hampton, Alston and other historical celebrities. J. B. Irving, the first secretary of the American Jockey Club in New York was the predecessor of Mr. Milliken, and filled the office of secretary to the South Carolina Jockey Club for twenty years, an honorary membership being conferred upon him in 1851. Samuel D. Stoney has been appointed Mr. Milliken's successor.....Beacon Park, Boston, has passed into the hands of a new association of which the well-known turfman David Blanchard has been appointed president. It will be devoted to running meetings only, the coming Summer. The Mystic Park will be managed by the same party who had it last year—Tyler Hicks. The pool privileges have been secured by W. J. Anderson & Co., on both the Mystic and Beacon tracks, they having this season outbid the previous holders of the privileges, Morse & Morris... The veteran colored trainer, Ansel Williamson, who, for the last quarter of a century, has been connected as trainer with the stables of R. A. Alexander, A. Keene Richards, H. P. McGrath, D. Swigert, etc., has arrived at Jerome Park, New York, to take charge of Messrs. Carr & Co.'s stable of racehorses for the coming campaign ... The Mobile Jockey Club will hold a three days' meeting over the Magnolia Course, commencing in the latter part of March. The managers announce that a liberal programme will be offered.... The well known Ohio breeder and turfman D. J. Crouse of Kinnikinick, Ross county, offers for sale the whole of his breeding establishment and stock, comprising twenty-six thoroughbred colts and fillies, and six brood mares; among the latter the dams of Culpepper, Add, Business, Satire, Resolute, Surge, etc. Also the thoroughbred stallion Chillicothe, by Lexington out of Silla by Yorkshire, who in his day was a very successful racehorse ... G. H. Fuller has leased for 1877 the new trotting and driving grounds adjoining the track of the Nashville Blood-Horse association. The track is a good one, well located, and will doubtless be a favorite resort this season for gentlemen owning fast roadsters to test the merits of their respective horses ... A. H. Robinson, of Nashville, has sold to parties in Ackron, Ohio, his two fast roadsters, Dellah and Transfer, the latter with a record of 2:45. The mare was fasest of the two, but has no record; price $800. ....Col. B. F. Cockrill's ch mare Louisa, by imported Australian, dam Lulleina, by Lexington, has foaled a brown colt by John Morgan.... Mr. A. J. McKimmin reports the first Blackwood Jr. foal of the season, dropped by John W. Sweeny's mare Allien, by Mambrino Chief. It is a brown filly with three white feet....John F. Chamberlain, the well known sporting man of New York, has gone into voluntary bankruptcy; liabilities, $215,000; nominal assets, $17,000....The owner of the pacing mare Bay Sallie is anxious to match her against the pacer Sleepy George, two matches, mile heats, three in five, for $500 a side each race, on the following terms: The first race to be catch weights and to go as you please; to come off on May 16 next. The second race to be in harness; Sleepy George and Bay Sallie to be weighed, and the former to carry weight in proportion to the weight of the two horses; to come off May 23d next over either the Shelby county or Rush county tracks, in the State of Indiana. Half the amount of the stakes to be deposited on April 1st, the other half on May 15th. Good day and good track stipulated; if not such on the days aboved named, then on the first good day and good track.... There were 479 races run in the United States in 1876, and were divded in the following order: At one quarter mile, 1; half a mile, 16; five furlongs, 10; three-quarters of a mile, 45; one mile, 65; mile and an eighth, 29; mile and a quarter, 43; mile and a half, 50; mile and five eighths, 2; mile and three quarters, 28; two miles 44; two miles and an eighth, 3; two miles and a quarter, 8; two miles and a half, 17; two miles and five-eights, 1; two miles and three-quarters, 4; three miles, 7; four miles, 3. At half mile heats, 3; mile heats, 62; mile heats three in five, 10; two mile heats, 18; three mile heats, 2; three and a quarter mile heats, 2; four mile heats, 4. Total, 479, divided into 370 dashes and 103 heat races ... Mr. McGrath states that Aristides was never in finer condition that at present, his doubtful leg, which prevented his being trained during last Summer, having got all right again....Ten Broeck is also doing well and there is every reason to believe that these two Kentucky cracks and old opponents will come together in May next, for we find them both entered for the Louisville Cup, a handicap for all ages, over a course of two miles and a quarter, to be run at the Sping meeting of the Louisville Jockey Club. Besides these two famous race horses there are twenty-two other horses entered, and the work of the handicapper will be announced on Feb. 15th, when the relative merits of the horses will be more widely discussed....Mr. B. J. Treacy, of Lexington, Ky., has sold to Abe Strauss, New York city, the chestnut gelding Albino, 7 years old, by Albion, dam by Benton's Quicksilver; grandam by Vertumnus. He can trot in 2:35 ....Seventeen Kentucky mules were shipped from Philadelphia on board the steamship State of Pennsylvania on Feb. 10th. No finer animals of the kind are to be seen, one of them standing sixteen hands and three inches high, and built in proportion. This is said to be the first shipment of the kind to Europe. They come from Stonewall, in Scott county, Kentucky, and are three years old. About forty more are to follow them in a week or so. The cheapest among them in Kentucky cost $150. Their destination is Glasgow, where they will be used for heavy draught purposes....At Gilmore's Garden, New York, on the evening of Feb. 10th, there were three trotting matches, and a trot against time. The first match, for $250, mile heats, best three in five, was a tolerably well contested one between Harvey, Pat Lynch and Jennie Moore; the other entries, three in number, being merely "filling" Pat Lynch was the favorite in the pools before the race, and Harvey, the winner, was in the field, but after the first heat Harvey took first place. Jennie Moore showed good qualities, and though she won but a single heat, it was the opinion of many that she was, in point of fact, the best horse of the lot. The record race, for $200, two miles and repeat, was won by Harry against Bay Frank. The third was a quite well contested match for $400, mile heats, best three in five. The entries were Ben Thompson, Doubtful and Ben, Ben Thompson was evidently the favorite, though he had no advantage in the pools over his competitors. In the trotting race against time for $250 by Myron Perry, to equal Pilot's time (2:35½), three trials, time was the favorite in the pools and came out winner, 2:37 being the best the aspirant could show up....Col. C. B. Hunt, Cincinnati, O., has sold to Mr. L. Nuhaus, same place, the brown mare Ida May, six years old, by Paymaster, dam by Richelieu.....Mr. Jno. Browning, Indianapolis, Indiana, has sold to Mr. Wm. Holridge Cincinnati, Ohio, the bay gelding Jno. B., 7 years old, by Kentucky Crowder, dam by White Pilot, for $3,000 ... W. H. Wilson Abdallah Park, Cynthiana, Ky., has purchased from H. C. Eales, Ruddels Mills, Ky., for Messrs. Dunklee & Co., Burnet House, Cincinnati, Ohio, the two year old colt Joe Blackburn by Pacing Abdallah....Mr. D. Tree's, Woodstock, Canada, bay horse Blenkiron, ten years old, by imp. Bonnie Scotland, out of Magenta by imp. Yorkshire, was cast in a stall, and when discovered was in an almost helpless condition, from which he never rallied and died a couple of days afterwards from its effects.

Turf Notes.

Trotting Meetings.

DATES CLAIMED FOR 1877.

Freeport, Ill.	May 29 to June 1	Mendota	3d week in August
Fleetwood Park, N. Y.	June 5 to 9	Utica, N. Y.	3d week in Aug.
Medina, N. Y.	June 5 to 7	Earlville, Ill.	4th week in Aug.
Dubuque, Iowa	June 5 to 8	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	Aug. 21 to 24
Cincinnati, O.	June 30 to July 4	Macomb, Ill.	Aug. 21 to 29
Oskaloosa, Ia.	July 2 to 4	Hartford, Conn.	Aug. 21 to 31
Stuart, Iowa	July 2 to 5	Cambridge, Ill.	Aug. 27 to Sept. 2
Macomb, Ill.	July 3 to 5	Oskaloosa, Ia.	Aug. 28 to 31
East Saginaw, Mich	July 17 to 20	Dubuque, Ia.	Sept. 10 to 15
Dexter Park, Chicago,	July 17, 18, 19, 20	Davenport, Ia.	Sept. 3 to 8
Cleveland, O.	July 24 to 27	Fleetwood Park, N. Y.	Sept. 4 to 6
Springfield, Mass.	July 24 to 27	Mystic Park, Boston,	Sept. 4 to 7
Buffalo, N. Y.	July 31 to Aug. 3	Dayton, O.	Sept. 24 to 28
Freeport, Ill.	July 31 to Aug. 3	Fleetwood Park, N. Y. (Breeders' Meeting)	3d week in Oct.
Rochester, N. Y.	2d week in Aug.	St. Louis	Oct. 1 to 6
Prophetstown, Ill.	2d week in Aug.		
Tiskilwa, Ill.	2d week in Aug.		

NEW ENGLAND TROTTERS.—The State of Maine has furnished to the turf 49 horses whose records are better than 2:30. Of that number the Knox family claims eight, with Lady Maud (2:18¼), Camors (2:19¾), and Gilbreth Knox (2:26¾) at the head; the Winthrop Morrill family, six, with Honest Harry (2:25) at the head; the Drew family, six, with General McClellan (2:26) as the representative; the Brandywine family, four, led by Ned Forrest (2:28½); and the Eaton family, six, represented by Tammany (2:27). In addition to the above is Hopeful (2:17¼) by Godfrey; Patchen, Barney Kelley, Belle of Portland, and Belle Strickland, each with a record of 2:26, and Bay Whalebone and License with records of 2:26¼.

EAST SAGINAW INDEPENDENT OF THE CIRCUIT.—East Saginaw, Mich. Feb. 7, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—At a meeting held last night by the Saginaw turfmen, it was decided not to give up the date of meeting first claimed, July 17, which will leave them out of the circuit, the last meeting of which will be held at Detroit, commencing July 3.

Doc.

DEATH OF ALTON BOY.—The stallion Alton Boy, of Ethan Allen stock, which was injured in the foot while on the road about three weeks ago, died last week of lockjaw. He had a record of 2:29½, and and it is said he repeatedly trotted in 2:24½. He was owned by Mr. S. S. C. Robinson, of Boston.

SHEPPARD F. KNAPP.—The trotting stalliion Sheppard F. Knapp, which was sent to England some years ago, is reported to be doing service at Major Stapylton's Mytton Hall stud, near York.

Racing and Trotting.

The California Turf.

BAY DISTRICT COURSE, Jan. 27, 1877.—Match of $500; mile heats.

H. Welch's g h Bradley, by Norfolk—Margretta, 5 yrs, 114 lbs.	1	2	1
R. K. Allen's ch g Overland, by Norfolk, 111 lbs.	2	1	2

Time—1:55¼, 1:51, 1:53¼.

SAME DAY.—Purse $100; half-mile heats.

Owner's Truman	2	1	1
Owner's Cosmo	1	2	3
Owner's Emma Skaggs	3	3	2
Owner's Kathleen	4	dis	

Time—:51, :50¼, :53¼.

English Turf Notes.

Roseberry, the double event hero of '76, is complimented with the top weight in all the long distance handicaps for which he is entered. He has 133 lbs. for the Newmarket handicap, 129 lbs. for the Chester cup, and 130 lbs. for the great Metropolitan.

The American horses are weighted as follows in the Spring handicaps: In the Newmarket handicap they have each 102 lbs; in the Newmarket International handicap handicap Mate stands alone with 104 lbs; in the Chester Cup Mate has only 100 lbs., whilst Bay Final, whose forte is evidently considered to be speed rather than bottom, has 93 lbs.; in the City and Suburban Mate has 96 lbs.

Out of the 122 subscribers to the Lincolnshire handicap only 46 paid the lowest forfeit, the three top weights, Thorn, Controversy and Petrarch remaining in. The latter is already installed a public favorite at 25 to 1. Tassel and Strike receiving even more support.

Only 15 of the 62 nominations paid forfeit for the Liverpool Grand National in which the top weights stand. Shifnal is made first favorite and the speedy Chandos next to him with Harmonides, another from the flat, a good third in the public fancy.

Hampton, upon whom money was put for the Grand International Hurdle race, has paid forfeit, and sold a good many of his backers.

Years are telling on Admiral Rous, and the weights of the big handicaps now are made up by the clerks of the courses with the exception of those at headquarters, Mr. Dorling compiled the Epsom weights and M. E. J. Ford is to be complimented on the Lincolnshire handicap.

"THE FATAL SECRET," by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, printed from Mrs. Southworth's manuscript, written expressly for publication in book form, and never before issued in any form whatever, has just been published by T. B Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa. It would be no small praise to assert that "The Fatal Secret" is one of the best stories that has ever fallen from the pen of the gifted Mrs. Southworth. Not lacking one whit in the thrilling interest which characterizes all of her romances, "The Fatal Secret" will no doubt prove to be one of the most popular volumes ever issued by this author. No words from us are necessary to commend this book to Mrs. Southworth's many admirers; for they will find in it no falling off of the power that has made her "Ishmael," "Self Raised," and other previous books so attractive to them, for the style is spirited, and the intense interest is sustained to the end, which is admirably supplemented by a collection of brief and interesting stories by Mrs. Baden, a sister of Mrs. Southworth. These brief narratives are charming—all perfect gems of prose fictions—orient pearls at random strung. "The Fatal Secret" is published in a large duodecimo volume, uniform with Mrs. Southworth's other works, and is sold by all bookseller's at $1.75 in cloth, or $1.50 in paper cover; or copies will be sent by mail, post-paid, by the publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa., on remitting the price of a copy to them in a letter. All of Mrs. Southworth's forty-two books are put up in a neat box, and are bound in cloth, with full gilt backs, price $1.75 each, or $73.50 for the complete set, and copies of any one or more of the volumes, or a complete set, will be sent to any address, free of postage, or freight prepaid, on remitting the price to the Publishers.

Fish.

Spearing.

Spearing and pot hunting are to the classic sportsman synonymous terms, and as such frowned upon by the silken knights of the rod and gun.

No sinner so black but there is still some grace for him! And to draw a parallel, no sportsman so depraved but that he is entitled to a hearing.

"A plea for the pot hunter" is scarcely a fit subject to grace the columns of the orthodox CHICAGO FIELD, but the question arises, what is a pot hunter? And after determining the genus of this disciple of the "barbed prongs," it becomes our solemn duty to look around for attenuating circumstances, failing which, we shall grant him at least the benefit of clergy. The shades of Izaak Walton and Frank Forrester will conjointly conduct the prosecution, whereas in our pettifogging way, we shall endeavor to impress upon the jury the innocence of the prisoner, whose martial spear still reeking with gory scales of impaled fish now lays meek and flat on the table of the court redolent with latent perfumes of prospective chowders somewhat fatal perhaps to the sporting integrityof the honorable judge.

The fishing, like the social world, has its aristocracy, its *bourgeoisie* and its cads, severally represented by the polished rod, the bamboo and the plebeian grub, comprising a whole gamut, from the Orvis reel and artificial minnow down to the common chalk line and fat pork; and from the realms of uppertendom we already hear the man of gimps and precise gimcracks cry horror at the degraded prongs, which are unconstutional,a sort of bull-dozing engine for the intimidation of game, and entirely devoid of all moral persuasion But even amongst the pioneers of the fork there is a distinctive class, a high and low caste, *i. e.* the winter spearer as distinguished from that spring butcher who wantonly pursues the spawning fish as they lay almost paralyzed and lethargic in the shallow mud an easy prey to their barbarous foe, whose lazy thrust soon lands them in his swag bag. Apart of this objectionable feature, we make bold to state that some of the most exquisite—because exciting sport, can be had with the spear, but it is essentially the poor man's sport, for in addition to the intrinsic pleasures of the sport itself, it has all the advantage of poker with him. Not only does he enjoy the thrill of taking the trick as it comes flashing under the fish hole but each pound of pickerel flesh tallies five cents; an additional stimulus, which, however uninteresting to a city Crœsus, is still replete with charm to a man of humble means, the much abused pot hunter in fact.

Again, we say, what is a pot hunter? Why, simply a hunter who provides for the pot! And that is precisely the mark of Cain branded by sporting opinion on the seat of his devoted pants. Yet he is a hunter and a man, and a perfect Bogardus in enthusiasm and in tastes. He loves sport, he dotes on his gun, and he enjoys a flight of pigeons and the quack of the mallard, just like the Hon. J. V. LeMoyne, but the steelyard and the meat market are the stumbling blocks of his professional dignity, whereas his escutcheon is attainted with the heraldic device of South Water street, like a darkening shadow across the family arms. No ordinary treatment or commonplace logic need ever expect to raise his moral standard on a par with that of the patrician sportsmen. Nothing short, perhaps of a ten thousand dollar note served to him on a clean plate like a drastic purge, can ever accomplish this feat and scour him through and through. Yet, looking at him in an unprejudiced light, wherein does he differ from the *bon ton* sportsman, the man of silk threads and scrolled hammers?

Take the spearer for example. It will be first alleged that his weapon is *ancient*, vile, barbarous, the devils own furniture, whose legitimate office at best is to snake in human eels through his mystic trap door on to the gridiron straight; second, that his (the spearer's,not the devil's) plan is unartistic; thirdly, that he dumps his game in a bushel basket at five penurious cents a pound; fourthly, that that's all he's after; and fifthly, that he thereby cleans the lake—five crushing counts that seem likely to consign him to the gallows. Already he anticipates the judge's black cap and his grim injunction to commend his soul to prayer, for the Philistines are on him, and like Enoch, he is about to be hurried into space on five prongs of fire athwart his amidships. But before we sever the thread that connects him with respectable life let us analyze the case and take comparison as an offset. With reference to the first count, we almost plead guilty; yet such is the skill and coolness required to propel the instrument effectively and so pungent is the spectacle of the darting fish, that the whole *modus operandi* compares very favorably with the cumbrous three hooked spoon whose work is screened from sight and devoid of any scientific interest. To the second we plead innocent, and will even claim some merit. In fact, Winter spearing has developed into a fine art. The spearman is snugly ensconced in a miniature parlor house surrounded with all the delicate, almost subtle implements of his trade the products of his skill, artificial minnows of divers shades textures and dimensions, streaked and spotted with all the hues of the rainbow according to the fanciful taste and caprice of the operator, and each one adapted to the fitful nature of the day whose atmospheric conditions suggest this one or that one as the killing bait. And is there no tinge of art in the alluring devices and manual blandishments used to decoy the wary fish; to wheedle the spectral shadows of moody pickerel from the cloudy depth, with motions swift or gently calm, or the exhibition of colors most fatally adapted to the transient whim of his palate or his eyes? And is there no transport of delight, when he comes flashing at the bait with glaring sockets and ravenous fangs, and curls and twists—darts off and back again, and when at last in the fatal moment of contemplation when his mind briefly meditates on the curious phenomena dangling 'twixt earth and sky, 'twixt heaven and his intelligence; with the unerring precision of a school marm's ferule on his back, or failing in these studies, impales him on the run? Why! none so cruel as to deny sport in this. Taking the other counts jointly, it is but fair to say that even the pothunter or spearer aims at more than the financial element of his profession, and generally only those with sporting proclivities follow it up; and indeed if he does dump his game in the market scale, the fancy sportsman dumps back *his* bushel basketful—*festering* and *dead*—back into the lake whence it came, and now let an impartial opinion compare and judge on the respective merits of the case.

The potman is impeached with the crime of cleaning the water of its strictly legitimate *game* which his barbarous habits would degrade into common provender; whereas *per contra* we are forced to indict the honorable member of the opposition, the precise, correct and classic angler himself, with the still grosser crime of *wanton destruction* in order to satisfy the mere gratification of the moment, without even a passing thought about the preservation or perpetuation of that game so necessary to his sporting happiness.

However commendable it may be for a party of gentlemen to vie with each other in refreshing efforts to capture the largest string of fish, it is in the end a sad spectacle, after the brief ceremony of comparison, to see the whole heaps of noble pike or bass abandoned like carrion on the shores. If all sportsmen truly interested in the subject, whether as individuals or associations, performed their duty in justice to their own interests and themselves, it would be both easy and expedient to provide their crafts with some of the many appliances with which to keep their game alive, and after packing an assortment for home and friends return the balance to the water. In fact this should become a standing rule especially with clubs who in a great measure work out the depletion of their own lakes.

Although some merit is claimed on behalf of winter spearing as an exhilarating sport, we are not unmindful of its objectionable features, redeemed however by the fact that it only reaches pickerel and almost completely exonerates pike, bass, and all other species of fish; so that in view of the voracious nature of the first it seems almost doubtful with regard to the propagation of the rest, whether spearing is injurious, if practiced within reasonable limits. The evil, therefore, if any, is the "piling in."

Whole settlements of Germans, from the greyhaired man to the stripling of the farm house are particularly addicted to this winter habit, and from the longest distances they will "pile in" and swoop down on the defenceless lake in pursuit of the almighty nickel, and even after the lake gives way, and the thawing beams of Spring, rend the surface in a thousand cracks, warning men and shanties off the scene, my noble Teuton accepts the signs as the harbinger of fresh delights, and at this critical stage of the season, when black bass are budding to appetite, he will deploy whole columns of sticks and lines on the rocking ice, and not till the rattling honeycombs threaten to engulph him bodily, will he resign to tear himself away from this crumbling land of fortune.

At all events there should be some provision made in the game laws against this wholesale havoc of early Spring fishing, but above all against the Spring spearing of *spawning* fish. No use placing Seth Green at one end of the aquarium and a butcher at the other. TADPOLE.

THE DEAD WHALE.—The white whale in the New York Aquarium is dead. Says the *New York Herald:* "At about half past eight o'clock in the evening, amid the strains of music and surrounded by thousands of admiring and curious persons, the life of the "great white whale" passed to another, and, it is hoped, a better fishing ground. The visitors in the hall had crowded to an unusual number around the immense circular tank which has been the prison house for the past four months of this sad-eyed sea monster. The attendants noticed the arge number of people and also that the whale was behaving in an extraordinary manner; that instead of swimming in circles as was his wont, he would cross from side to side and ever and anon lash the water into foam with his powerful fluke. These actions were continued for some time, gradually becoming less and less violent, until diving beneath the surface he made his appearance no more. Mr. Conp will have the remains embalmed and placed on exhibition, meanwhile the hipppopotamus will luxuriate in the tank formerly occupied by the whale.

Little whaley, thou has left us,
And thy loss we deeply feel;
Thy sad fate has near bereft us,
And has nearly killed the seal—
Gone to meet Jonah.

Trap Shooting.

Shooting on Long Island.

The monthly championship contest between the members of the Nassau Gun Club took place on February 6th, at Dexter's. The competitors were paired off into two teams, the losers to pay for the dinner. The birds were too strong for the amount of skill displayed, resulting in a poor average score. The following is a summary:

DEXTER PARK, Long Island, February 6, 1877.—Monthly contest of Nassau Gun Club; 5 birds each, 25 yards rise, 80 yards boundary; Long Island rules.

J. R. Powell, captain	11111-101—7	W. A. Sclover	11111-100—6
H. Haubt	*1111 —4	W. A. Dunham, capt.	11*11 —4
T C. Vansize	*1111 —4	F. Gildersleeve	1*111 —4
H. Boehme	*1101 —3	H. Van Wicklen	1*110 —3
S. A. Livingston	10101 —3	S. Abram	*10*1 —2
E. Hemming	11*1* —3	D. Van Wicklen	001*1 —2
S. Seifer	00011 —2	W. Handford	0*0*1 —1
J. Van Wicklen	100*1 —2	S. H. Lott	00*01 —1
G. Bergen	10*00 —1	A. H. Blenderman	0*00* —0
Total	29	Total	23

The club badge of the Fountain Gun Club of Brooklyn, N. Y., was contested for at the regular monthly shoot on the club grounds situated on the Ocean Parkway on Feb. 7. The stipulated terms namely seven birds each by which this trophy is shot for, had to be abandoned owing to the non-arrival of a promising lot of birds and they consequently had to shoot at three birds each. The attendance was unusually large, the birds strong flyers and the skill of the contestants fully up to the average. The following is the score. Monthly shoot of the Fountain Gun Club, Ocean Parkway, L. I., February 7th, for club badge. Three birds each, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary; Fountain Gun Club rule

Josephs	111 —3	Crook	11*—2
Sheridan	101 —2	Goodwin	101 —2
Slane	1*1—2	Kearney	011 —2
McMahon	101—2	Curley	10*—1
Connors	110—2	Cleaver	*01—1
White	1*1—2	Race	100—1
Miller	1*1—2	Hunter	000—0

A side shoot between the members of the Long Island Gun Club took place on Feb. 9th, at Dexter's on the Jamaica Plank Road. Teams were chosen by Messrs. Atkins and Eddy, and eighteen gentlemen participated. Thefollowing is the score:

DEXTER PARK, Jamaica Road, Long Island, Feb. 9, 1877.—Seven birds each, 25 yards rise, 80 yards boundary, H and T. traps; Long Island rules to govern.

Atkins	1101111—6	Eddy	0011000—2
West	1111010—5	Blankly	1111101—6
Lamphear	1111101—6	Williams	0101111—5
Austin	1111001—5	Wynne	1011100—4
Johnson	0011101—4	Robinson	0100110—3
Madison	1001110—4	Blake	1001100—3
Hartshorn	0001110—3	Schorman	0111000—3
Henderson	0011000—2	Martin	0001011—3
Moore	0000001—1	Hughes	0100010—2
Totals	36	Total	31

SHOOTING AT OMAHA, NEB.—Omaha, Neb., Feb. 5, 1877.——*Editor Chicago Field:*—The following is the score made at a private match which took place upon the grounds of Mr. A. S. Patrick, in this city, this A. M. The match was at 4 single rises, 21 yards, and 5 double rises at 18 yards. Messrs. Sutphen and Hughes being opposed to Messrs. Taylor and Patrick, and winning by 2 birds.

Z. Taylor	1011—3	D. C. Sutphen	0110—2
A. S. Patrick	1111—4	W. H. S. Hughes	1111—4
Z. Taylor	11 10 10 11 10—7	D. C. Sutphen	10 11 11 11 11—9
A. S. Patrick	10 10 11 11 01—7	W. H. S. Hughes	10 10 11 11 11—8
Total	21	Total	23

F. B. L.

SHOOTING AT SYRACUSE, N. Y.—The regular shoot for the possession of the Onondago club medal took place on Feb. 7th, at the Clark farm. It is still retained by Mr. George Lodder, by the following excellent

SCORE:

George Lodder	11011 11111 11111—14
Henry Gale	01101 11001 10111—10

Trap at Milwaukee.

Tuesday, Jan. 30th, the Kinnickinnick club had a shoot for a gold badge, presented to the club by the managers. The badge is a handsome monogram, enameled on solid gold; size an English soverign. At each shoot, for a year, the member making the highest score will take the badge. At the end of that period, the one who has held it the greatest length of time will become the final owner. The day was chilly, foggy and generally disagreeable, with intervals of rain. Yet the club turned out in fair numbers, and nearly a hundred visitors were present; amongst them several members of the rifle club, who manifested a lively interest in the sport.

The birds were good flyers, and taking all things in consideration the club made the poorest score they have made for a good while, which can't be accounted for on any other ground, than that, of an over desire on the part of each individual member to be the first winner of that badge, who consequently became a little nervous and unsteady. Following is the score; 21 yards rise; 80 yards boundary.

French	10111 01011—7	Welles	1*011 01010—5
Stebbins	11001 01100—5	C. Williams	10111 1110*—7
Robertson	01000 11111—6	Drake	10110 01110—6
S. Williams	101*1 11010—6	Turner	10111 00111—7
Brown	01001 01101—5	Murray	11001 01011—6
Fielding	10000 11111—6	Markham	11101 10001—6

* Dead out of bounds.

French, C. Williams and Turner, having tied on seven birds, shot off the tie with result, as below.

Turner	111—3	French	101—2
Williams	110—2		

Charley Turner was declared the winner of the badge for the time, and took of his hat, while the President pinned it on him, and received the congratulations of the crowd, with the assurance, that he could "have that pin till the next shoot"—but if I mistake not he may wear it even longer. It is but justice to say for Mr. Markham that this was the first time he ever pulled the trigger over a trap.

At the close of the shoot, Johnston, Bangs and Carpenter—the two former of the Rifle Club—were invited to try their hands, and did thusly, at 6 birds each.

Bangs	001111—4	Johnston	000000—0
Carpenter	101111—5		

Mr. Johnston, never used a shotgun before this occasion. Mr. Bangs is an old trap shot. BLUE JAY.

TRAP SHOOTING AT DETROIT.—Detroit, Feb. 9, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field.*—Enclosed I send you the scores of the medal shoot, also of a match between S. H. Kimball, of Cleveland, and C. A. Mack, of Detroit. The medal shoot was not as interesting as usual, as the boys only wanted to take it from E. H. Gillman who has held it for the past three months; they succeeded in doing so; the "old man" J. V. D. Eldridge handsomely winning it by a score of 23. Capt. Littleton was referee of the medal shoot, and in the match E. H. Gillman acted as judge for Mr. Mack, and John E. Long for Mr. Kimball. Mr. Goff Stanton was referee. The shooting was close and birds good, all being of the tumbler tribe; 29 of them, however, will never tumble again. Mr. Kimball, however, is not satisfied with his defeat, as he has challenged Mr. Mack to shoot for $50 again, as soon as the birds can be secured. Mr. Mack accepts. The next match will probably be shot for in Cleveland. $25 each has been put up as forfeit in Mr. Gillman's hands.

DETROIT, Feb. 9, 1877.—Match for $35 a side.

C. A. Mack	11111 11111 11111—15
S. H. Kimball	11111 11111 *1111—14

Judges—E. H. Gilman for Mack, John C. Long for Kimball. Referee—Goff Stanton.

MEDAL SHOOT.—Single birds, 21 yds; Detroit Gun Club rules governing. Capt. Littleton referee.

E. H. Gillman	01110 11111 11111—13
J. V. D. Eldridge	11111 11111 11110—14
J. H. Caniff	11111 11111 11011—14
Cook Cousins	11111 11111 11111—15
Nimrod	11111 11011 11111—14
H. Hawkins	11110 11110 11111—13
Veteran	1110w
Major J	01111 10w

Medal Shoot—Double rise, 21 yds.

Gillman	11 10 11 00 11— 7—20
Eldridge	11 11 11 10 10— 8—22
Caniff	00 10 11 11 10— 6—20
Cousins	01 10 10 11 10— 6—21
Nimrod	00 11 10 11 — 5—19
Hawkins	11 01 11 10 — 6—19

J. V. D. Eldridge takes the medal. PONTIAC.

TRAP SHOOTING AT BEDFORD, OHIO.—Bedford, Ohio, Feb. 3, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—A pigeon match shot here yesterday, between Mr. T. Parr and Mr. Arnold, both of Cleveland, for $30 and birds, at twenty single birds, at twenty-one yards rise, was won by Mr. Parr. The following is the score:

Mr. T. Parr	11111 11111 11111 11011—19
Mr. Arnold	11110 11110 11111 11111—18

Sweepstakes after match—freeze out at 26 yards.

Cunnigham	110	Carpenter	0
Garfield	10	Reyner	110
C. F. Wheal	111	Parr	111
Arnold	0		

Messrs. Wheal and Parr divide the money.

Second sweepstakes—5 birds.

Jones	10111	Garfield	11011
Wheal	11111	Carpenter	11111
Cunningham	11010	Warner	01110
Parr	10110	Wanngher	00000
Reyner	11101		

Ties on five—26 yards.

Wheal	111	Carpenter	110

Ties on four—26 yards.

Jones	10	Garfield	111
Parr	10	Reyner	0

Third Sweepstakes—26 yards.

Cunningham	11110	Warner	10111
Wheal	11111	Wanngher	00001
Reyner	11111	Garfield	11101
Jones	10010	Parr	10100

Ties on five—26 yards.

Wheal	111	Reyner	111

Ties on three—31 yards.

Wheal	111	Reyner	110

Ties on four not shot off on account of darkness.

BOGARDUS—DALY MATCH.—Virginia City, Nev., Feb. 3, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—There was only a small attendance at Oakland Park Feb. 3d to witness the pigeon shooting contest between Bogardus and Daly. Umpires were dispensed with and John K. Orr was chosen referee. Mr. Daly was unfortunate in not having his own gun, and the difference in the "hang" of the borrowed weapon doubtless caused him to miss birds which he would have killed with the more familiar shooting-iron. Of the four misses he made, two were easy birds, the others difficult, as one, a "twister," gyrated in such a fantastic manner that it appeared as though he was in two places at once, and the other flew away swiftly from the shooter.

As will be seen by the score, Bogardus killed twenty-three in succession, and his only miss was apparently from carelessness, as the match was then won. He made a succession of splendid shots, his sixteenth bird being at least forty yards off when he fired; but the best display of his skill was a bird which Daly missed. It was a buff-colored, strong-flying pigeon, and it circled in a rapid flight far above the heads of the spectators and beyond the bounds, but returning, Bogardus slipped a cartridge in the barrel, and when fully sixty-yards away he brought it down, falling as dead as though it had been hit with a rifle ball. Daly also made some fine shooting. The odds received by him were in distance, he shooting at twenty-one and Bogardus at twenty-five yards. The following is the score:

Bogardus—11111 11111 11111 11111 11101—Total, 24.
Daly—11011 11111 11100 11111 01111—Total, 21. PERK.

TRAP AT ST. JOSEPH.—St. Joseph, Mo., Feb. 5, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—The Sportsmen's club had a meeting on Saturday afternoon last, when Pat Powell and N. E. Barnes shot a match for the Champion badge. Barnes won the badge some weeks since at a Club match, immediately after the close of which Powell challenged him. They are both excellent markemen; Barnes has had more practice at trap shooting, killing a large proportion of his birds with the first barrel, while Powell showed his proficiency as a field shot by making some very fine shots with his second barrel, the contest resulted in a tie on the first 15 birds, and another tie on the extra birds.

Capt. Frank G. Hopkins acted as referee and O. F. Ingalls as score keeper. The following is the score:

Pat Powell	11011 11111 11011—13
N. E. Barnes	11010 11111 11111—13

Tie on 13.

Powell	1111—4	Barnes	1111—4

The tie would have been shot off immediately, but for an insufficiency of birds; in fact, they ran short after the first tie, but the contestants agreed to shoot at four instead of five, according to rule, in order that some satisfaction and decisive result might be gained. The match was according to rule, 15 birds, from five plunge traps, at 28 yards rise. APEX.

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Dublin Dog Show.

The Royal National Dog Show of Ireland was held in the Exhibition Palace, Dublin, this week, opening on Tuesday and closing last night; and it was more essentially an Irish show than any we have seen in the Emerald Isle—the rule which prohibited champion dogs from competing keeping away many English exhibitors who have usually supported the shows here. The exclusion of champions no doubt lowered the quality of some classes considerably; but, notwithstanding this, there was evidence of general improvement, and especially was it the case in the superb collection of Irish setters, which, as usual at Irish shows, formed the principal attraction and finest feature of the exhibition. In the present instance there were no less than 114 of these national dogs; and so excellent in quality and level in merit were many of them, that they severely taxed Mr. Lort's judging capabilities, and it took him a long time to separate them, while a great number outside the prize list deservedly secured honorable mention. We believe the judge's awards were generally very well received, although there were some grumblers in the classes for red and white or white and red; but this was not the fault of the judge, and arose from a confusion of ideas as to what was to be included in the class, some of the winners being nearly whole reds, whilst in the whole red classes were many dogs with a little white. The committee would do well to more clearly define the difference in future schedules.

Mr. Lort was the only English judge, the others being Messrs. R. G. Ridgway, D. Bellamy, Joseph Taylor, J. J. Pim, W. G. Merry, and Whyte. Single-handed judging was the order of the day; and, as the judges had very spacious rings to compare the competitors in, they had great facilities in arriving at correct decisions. One thing was, however, against them—the paucity of keepers to lead the dogs, and the want of ring stewards to regulate and keep order.

We have on previous occasions pointed out the advantages of the building for the purposes of a show; it is quite equal to our Crystal Palace, with more space at command, and the benches were arranged on a liberal scale, the dogs having abundance of room, and they appeared to be well cared for on the whole, and kept clean; but we did not think the feeding quite up to the mark, plain biscuits being used.

The exhibition had the patronage of H. R. H. Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught, as President, his Grace the Duke of Marlborough and his Grace the Duke of Abercorn being Vice Presidents. Prince Arthur presented a very handsome shield for competion in the Irish setter classes, which trophy was won by a very fine young dog, the property of Mr. W. H. Lipscomb.

There was a very good attendance of visitors; and in congratulating Mr. S. T. Fitzpatrick, the secretary and manager, on the success of his show, we thank him for his courtesy and attention to the Press.

The Mastiffs numbered fourteen entries; the sexes being together, but there were several absentees; and, although the class contained some animals of fair quality, there was a falling away in merit from last year's show, when champions were not excluded. The winner, Mr. Barns' Marius by Monarch, bred by Mr. E. Pesher, strongly resembles his sire in style, but is light in head; and, indeed, there is a want of massiveness throughout, but he is well proportioned and possessed of good mastiff attributes. Jupiter, placed second, is not quite at his best yet, but will never be in the first flight, he lacks bone and substance, and his color is objectionably light fawn; his sister Juno is quite as good, and deserved her notice. The class of St. Bernards was a large one, but the quality was not up to the mark; the winner Bony is an imported dog, deep-chested and fair in loin, but light and narrow in head, and quite inferior to Tell, by Ben, placed second; and the highly commended Linda de Chamouni is very poor in head. Mr. Cockran's Barry, a smooth one, should have been noticed. Mr. Murray's Zermatt, a dog with the Thor type of head and very fair all round, did not get his fair mead of praise in being only commended. Mr. Moore's Monarque should have been noticed. Mr. Forrest's Leo is too light in frame, and although well bred, looks an exaggerated sheep dog; and Barny is a brindle-colored mastiff.

Newfoundlands were not good as a class. Captain, the winner, is a fine, big, burly dog, excellent in body and the right stamp of head; his coat is also good, thick, and deep, standing well out, and free alike from curl and flatness; his appearance is greatly marred by his carriage of tail, which is very bushy, but is curled over the back like a Pomeranian. Mr. S. T. Fitzpatrick's Colonel is a nicely shaped dog, but his rather curly coat is against him, and he is not so compactly built as Captain. Benjamin Disraeli quite merited his honors, and Nox is a fair dog that might have been commended. There were only three deerhounds entered. The winner is a fair dog, deep in chest, broad in back, and strong in the loins, with good hind quarters; his head is also good and jaws powerful; he was shown in poor condition. In greyhounds, Mr. S. Swinburne was successful with Surprise; not by any means a handsome dog, being rather loaded in the shoulders, and altogether a bit short and cobby, but his condition assisted in producing that impression. Spring, placed second, is the more racing-like dog of the two, so that appearance cannot be an infallible guide. Both the bitch winners are good specimens which we have commented on before, but they were not an A 1 collection, and there were a paucity of numbers, which the season accounts for.

Pointers were a more superior lot to any that have been exhibited at previous shows in Dublin, as well as being more numerous. The first was a lemon and white, of aristocratic lineage, which his appearance did not contradict; the second was a liver and white ticked dog, not shown in good condition, which gave him the appearance of wanting a rib or two, but he is a very fair dog, and deserved his position. Bounce, who was highly commended, is much better before than behind, in which part he is deficient in propelling power. Mr. Pike's Beau, who was also highly commended, is a black and white, with many good points about him, but is too coarse in head to suit modern requirements on the show bench. Mr. Webber's Scamp was a nice liver and white. Why Mr. O'Ferrol's Rob II. received a commended card is more than we can tell, as he has a most peculiarly shaped skull, high over the eyes and at the occiput, but having a deep depression between these two points. In bitches a pretty little lemon and white was first; she is by Mr. Hemming's Squire, out of Macdona's Miranda (not Muranda as in catalogue); the second was a good headed black and white ticked one, very little if any inferior to the first prize one. Mr. W. J. Smith's Ruby, who was first at Belfast in 1876 and second 1875, was highly commended; she is a good bitch in points, but was heavily handicapped through being in pup; and as it is to Shot, the sire of the winner in the dog class, she should be cheap at her catalogue price of £15. One of the best in the class, had she been in condition, was Mr. F. Moore's Sappho, a liver and white, of grand quality in head and set on of ears; she was simply commended, which was as much as she deserved in her present form.

The Irish setter classes were superb, especially when it is taken into consideration, that champion dogs (whatever that may mean) were excluded from competition; the classes were for Irish red dogs, and ditto bitches; then came classes for red and white, or white and red dogs, and the same for bitches; but there seemed to be a total misunderstanding among the exhibitors, as most of the dogs and bitches in the all-red classes had white upon them; and when the red and whites or white and reds, came into the ring, there were dogs with really less white upon them than some of the winners in the previous classes. This places Mr. Lort in a quandary; but he settled the matter by judging the dogs as setters, whether they had much white or not upon them. There certainly were two totally different types in the latter classes, one red with simply a chest or face mark, the other white and red, which might be shown as English dogs from their appearance, having far more white than red. In the dog class of reds there were forty-eight entries, with scarcely a bad one in the lot. First prize went to Shawn Bragh, a son of champion Dick and the exhibitor's liesby; he is a magnificent young dog, and good as the class undoubtedly was, he was an easy first. To him was also awarded the splendid shield presented by H. R. H. Prince Arthur, Duke of Connoght, to the best Irish red setter in the show. In color, coat, and feather, he is perfection; he has lots of bone, good chest, and is well ribbed up; his head is also good, but hardly up to Palmerston in this respect, still he is a tough customer to beat. The second is of a different build, being much lighter everywhere and would make a better bitch than he does a dog; he is very full of quality, but his large patch of white on the chest should have put him out of court in this class. Mr. Hallinrd has also a good young dog in Duke, another son of Dick's out of Floss; he has capital thighs and stifles, and is a good dog all round, although his head might be better. Mr. Daly's Star II, was about the next best; he has a capital hind quarter, well let down hocks, and fair a 1 round; he was highly commended. Pat, highly commended, is rich in color, good head, and well feathered. Rufus, highly commended, is deficient in head properties, but is in other respects good. Young Dash, highly commended, is plain headed. Grouse, highly commended, is more than an average specimen. Jack, commended, is a fair dog, but has a light nose. Mr. J. Ruddy's Dunbam might have received a commendation, as he is a good puppy, but lacks condition. Bragan was commended; his head is good ears set on low, and his coat and color correct. In red bitches, Mr. J. H. O'Brien's Kate was far the best of the twenty-five entries; she we consider about the best bitch living, an opinion which we gave of her at the last Crystal Palace, when only highly commended; she is now in pup, and not looking her best, but her head and general proportions are splendid. The second, also a Kate, and, from catalogue, supposed to be an own sister of the winner of first prize—viz., by Palmerston out of Flora; she (Kate) is not nearly so good as her sister, but is still a really good specimen of the breed; her head is well formed, with nicely shaped ears, well set on; her color is all that could be desired; and, although she is not in her best coat, there is enough of it to show that its quality is good; added to this, her chest is well formed' plenty of depth, without appearing broad. Mr. Corbett's Zella, winner of first at Dublin 1875, was highly commended; she is best known as the dish faced one. Mr. H. S. Moore's Belle, who was third, is much too light in the nose. Mr. J. K. Milner's Aileen (the winner at the Philadelphia show) was simply commended, but it is only fair to her to say that she is out of feather. Flora (the dam of the two Kates who won) was shown heavy in pup; the formation of her head is very good, showing a well domed apex; in fact, she is all round a good one. Mr. J. M. Niall's Sal was commended; but I did not like her head, which is heavy enough for a strong dog's. Setter dogs, red and white, or white and red, produced seventeen entries, Mr. W. J. Smyth's Grouse taking premier honors; he is deep red, with capital straight coat of the right texture; feathering on legs profuse, nice narrow comb-like flag, good chest, wide hips, and a very decent head—he was claimed early in the day to go to England; second was Mr. Skidmore's Grouse, who stood second at Birmingham, and first at Brighton recently; both the winners were red, with a little white; the first had very little indeed. Mr. Merideth's Rock, a white and red, was highly commended; his head was too heavey. Baby had the same failing. The bitch class was poor, second prize being withheld; the first was a fair specimen, both in head, general symmetery and coat.

Black and tan setters, dogs or bitches, had a class of eighteen entries, of which Mr. J. T. Richardson's Duke, the Newtownards and Kendal winner, was the best; he is, however, just now a little ragged in his coat, which makes him look too wavy; to him was also awarded a cup, as the best dog in the show of any breed, the winner of shield only excepted. The second we considered throaty, and too coarse in the head; and we should have put the highly commended Venus before him, as also the commended Shot, who has a good head, plenty of bone, and coat right, but was slightly leggy.

Curley-coated retrievers were nothing very special; the best dog in the class, Mr. Lewis' Ben, arrived too late for the judging. His owner was unfortunate with him at the last Dublin show in the same way. The winner's tail was far from correct; and despite the large ears of of Minnie, who was second, the decision should have been reversed. Mrs. Gamp who was highly commended in this class, was more wavy than curly, and did not even deserve the barren honors bestowed on her. In the wavy-coated class, Gipsy was the only one with any pretension to the name of retriever.

Mr. Bullock's Nellie was in the spaniel class, and suffice it to say she won; second was a Sussex below par.

Irish water spaniels were a fair collection, but the worst judged class in the whole show. First was a common-looking brute with a feathered tail, very little topknot, and, in fact, nothing about him to entitle him to the pride of place; his dam Mr. C. I. Doyle's Duck was highly commended, but she is worth a dozen of him. The best dog in the class (as Shamrock was shown not for competition) was Mr. Morton's Paddy, who won first at the last Birmingham show; he is an out-and-out good one. The third was simply a Russian retriever, with his muzzle roughly trimmed, he is entered in catalogue as by Ship out of Russia; but it might well have been out of a ship *from* Russia. Mr. Morton's Nelly and Mr. Doyle's Duck should have been second and third. Mr. Bullock's Nabob was the only Clumber exhibited; the others were not Clumbers at all, although one of them was highly commended; it was a libel on the breed to notice it in any way.

The Colley class was a large one, and of fair average quality, and the judge, we consider, selected the correct type for honors, although neither are top sawyers, and would not stand a chance against some of our cracks; but still both look like workers, and the coat although not so abundant as is preferred at our shows, was of the right texture. One oversight we think the judge can be charged with, in passing over Col. H. H. Crealock's Jock, a black white and tan, with a long head, rather narrow and rounded in skull, but a good length of body, well loined, sickle-hocked, and with plenty of muscle behind, and altogether a smart, well-made dog, with clean legs, and the best coat in the show, his ruff and, mane being profuse and handsome; he has an intelligent face, with nice small ears. Another unnoticed dog was a parti-colored dog, very good in most points, but at present out of coat and condition.

We have frequently heard of a grand strain of bulldogs peculiar to Ireland, but none of them turn up at the shows. The judge on the present occasion is a bulldog breeder, and has a sound knowledge of all their points; but we were forced to differ from him in his decision, as we consider Mr. Adcock's Ardent all round a better dog than the winner. Mr. A. J. Boyd's Dan—the latter a white, not so good in bone, and with a much plainer head than Ardent, but deeper in stop, with capital wide jet black nose, good in skull, and fair underjaw; but the upper lip is excessive, and gives a frog-faced appearance. Ardent is well wrinkled, and is better in chest, leg, bone, back, and stern than the winner. Mr. Raper's Warrior was entered, but absent. The judge was most liberal in his commendations. Of these Sambo II is better than Beauty, although placed lower; Venom, highly commended, has a plain, almost triangular-shaped head; and Lumpas, in spite of his frog face, might have been noticed.

Bull terriers were more numerous than good; Mr. Skidmore's young dog Spring being a very easy winner, although he will not figure in very high-class company; the second, Mr. Wardman's Duchess, is a pig faced bitch, and shows too much bulldog, as did most in the class; indeed, some in this might have changed places with others in the bulldog class as intermediary between the recognized types of each variety. In white English there was nothing in it but the winner—Mr. Raper's Minnie, a very fair specimen. The Irish terriers numbered thirty, and were a heterogeneous collection, not at all up to the mark as a class, presenting a very motley appearance, in which mongrelism was largely predominant. We cannot follow Mr. Merry in his awards, nor can we allow that he has the correct type in view in adjudicating on this breed. Those selected for honors are weedy and cur-like, and not sufficiently varmint in expression and general appearance. Mr. Merry, however, avoided the giants, some of the exhibits being far too big to be called terriers. Of the lot we preferred Mr. Redding's Stinger and Mr. Emmerson's Crab, as coming nearest the type, but neither is first-class; the latter is of the right color, and good in head, and barring his long legs, is a good cast of terrier. We understand Mr. Ridgway was asked to adjudicate with Mr. Merry, but declined, wisely we think, as these two gentlemen go for quite an opposite type of dog. We also noted Mr. Merton's Parker as having a good terrier head, and being worthy of notice; whilst the winner of last year was passed over.

In Fox Terrier dogs, Mr. E. J. Poer was first and second with Whip and Cynic in the order named; the former also won Messrs. Spratt's cup as the best fox terrier in the show. He is a cobby little dog, but is too snipy faced for a dog, and his feet might be smaller with advantage; if in equally good condition, Cynic is far the better terrier of the two, but is suffering from some form of skin disease, probably surfeit; the third was placed about right. Hamlet, highly commended, is a good bodied dog, but is round in the skull. Mr. J. Plant's Spot is compactly built, but his dark color on one half of his head gives him a thicker appearance in the face than he really has. The champions Crack and Ben were shown, but not for competition; the former is looking better than ever he did. In bitches, old Matchless won; she is too well known to require comment. Zulleka was second, and if well shown might have been first without any discredit to the winner, but she really was in wretched form—suffering from mange. We are, who was third, has hardly bone enough in proportion to her build.

Black and tan terriers, considering that they were all natives, were very passable; the first prize dog had a fair head, as were also his markings; but his tan was light, and one ear was wretchedly carried, which should have thrown him out. Mr. Heapes' Neptune, a 10½ months pup, is not a bad dog, but has rather too much marking on the fore legs, the black running through the tan. Major might have been higher than highly commended.

Irish setter puppies under 9 months old: This class was not remarkable for producing anything that will oust the present show bench winners. Some fair puppies were shown, but nothing above mediocrity.

In Skye terriers there were but two with any winning pretensions, and of these Mr. Pattison's Venus was properly placed over Mr. Skidmore's Mac, who was out of coat, and consequently looked leggy. There was a very good class of wire-haired terriers, Mr. G. F. Richardson's Bramble winning with points to spare; he is extra good and fit to compete in high class company. We would have placed Bramble's kennel companion second in preference to Mr. Morton's Prim. In Dandie Dinmonts there was nothing but the winner, who looks coarse, too flat in the ribs and also in skull, and gives the idea of a strain of Bedlington.

The pugs formed a large class, but not of such merit as would be seen at a Dublin show, this being a popular breed in Ireland. The fault of the winners is their pale yellow color, after the Dutch type of pug, but the judge certainly made the best of them. Mrs. Tuffnell's Victor was also first here last year, he is rather long in body for his height but not so much out of proportion as King Coffee. Three very indifferent dachshunds competed, the best being a very indifferent-colored red, but the flat was in favor of Mr. Hutton's coarse, common looking Blumburg, who does not do credit to his parents, Festus and Puzzle. The toy terriers were not of a very high order, the prizes going to the best. The miscellaneous class was more diversified than interesting, and held a lot of rubbish. There were several Chinese or Japanese pugs worth notice. A very fair Bloodhound took first and Mr. Adcock's Great Dane got a third prize. The ladies' pets were an attractive class, and drew much attention from the visitors, a neat electro-tea kettle having been offered for the best by the secretary, and it was won by Mrs. Giltrap's Italian Greyhound, Countess. But we thought Miss Pim's Bismarck the best of the two.

MASTIFFS.—1st, M. F. Barnes (Marius); 2d, D. W. Kelly (Jupiter). High com., E. J. Morrissy (Juno).

ST. BERNARDS.—1st, A. W. Calcott (Barry); 2d, J. J. M'Gauran (Tell). High com. Lieut. Col. Bull (Linna de Chamouni). Com., H. H. Murray (Zermatt).

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, T. Greer (Captain); 2d, S. T. Fitzpatrick (Colonel). High com., G. Thompson (Benjamin Disraeli).

DEERHOUNDS.—1st, J. G. Kennedy (Derrick).

GREYHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, S. Swinburne (Surprise); 2d, C. Sandes (Spring.) *Bitches:* 1st, J. Martin (Ruth); 2d, T. Irwin (Belle of Erin).

POINTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. S. Skidmore (Romp); 2d, J. G. Cronyn (Grouse. High com., J. Pike (2) (Ponto and Beau), J. C. Wilson (Bounce), and T. W. Webber (Scamp). Com., W. Fitzsimons (Don) and A. M O'Ferroll (Rob II). *Bitches:* 1st, J. Pike (Queen); 2d, W. F. Jarratt (Maggie). Com., J. K. Rogerson (Juno), Capt. R. B. Irwin (Meg), and F. Moore, (Sappho).

SETTERS.—IRISH RED—*Dogs:* 1st and Duke of Connaught's, W. H. Lipscomb (Shawn Bragh); 2d, Miss E. Donnelly (Bravo); 3d, T. M. Hilliard (Duke). High com., J. Simson (Pat), R. F. Hamilton (Rufus), G. Thompson, (Young Dash), and M. Daly (Star II) Com., W. J. Corbet (York IV.), W. Hayes (Ruben), C. M. Bury (Don), F. Moore (Rake), W. U. Montry (Bragan), P. Ryan (Carlo), A. J. Boyd (Dash), H. Pattison (Play), and T. M. O'Reilly (Grouse). *Bitches:* 1st, J. H. O'Brien (Kate); 2d, S. K. Twigg (Kate); 3d, H. S. Moore (Bell). High com., Mr. H. B. Rutledge (Nora), W. J. Corbett (Zella), Mrs. L. Falkiner (Lilly), C. Moore (Flora). Com., J. K. Milner (Aileen), A. R. Wallace (Rhoda), J. M. Niall (Sal), J. H. O'Brien (Erin), P. A. Collier (Lotty), and E. McVey (Fan). RED AND WHITE—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Staunton (Charlie); 2d, J. S. Skidmore (Grouse). High com., P. E. Meredith (Rock), J. T. Richardson (Baron) R. Bowen (Grouse), J. B. Cleary (Shot), and W. Gallwey (Grouse). Com., E. M'Vey (Grouse). *Bitches:* 1st, J. J. Brady (Fan). BLACK AND TAN—1st, J. T. Richardson (Duke); 2d, H. J. Gallwey (Biz). High com., H. L. Muloch (Raffle). J. T. Richardson (Belle), R. Murray (Lucy), G. P. Gray (Rake), and A. Ferrier (Venus). Com., G. F. Townley (Rover).

RETRIEVERS.—BLACK CURLY-COATED: 1st, Mrs. J. Lucas (Sailor); 2d, W. Lucas (Minnie). High com., J. G. Adcorn (Mrs. Gamp). Com., Mrs. De Negri (Ben). WAVY-COATED BLACK: 1st, J. N. Lentaigne (Gipsy). High com., Miss R Sealey (Dover).

SPANIELS.—ANY COLOUR: 1st, 1st, P. Bullock (Nellie); 2d, J. T. Richardson (Beau). IRISH WATER: 1st, R. Meade (Shab); 2d, N. Morton (Paddy); 3d, C. F. Staunton (Russ). High com., C. J. Doyle (Duck) and J. Keogh, jun. (Prince.)

CLUMBERS.—1st, P. Bullock (Nabob). High com., J. C. M'Grane (Prince Patrick).

SHEEPDOGS.—1st, H. W. Hardy (Bob); 2d, T. Marren (Twig). High com., J. E. L. Stein (M'Ivor) and Mrs. A. M. O'Ferrall (Rover). Com., Mrs. A. M. Wrifht (Sheppie).

BULLDOGS.—1st, A. J. Boyd (Dan); 2d, F. Adcock (Ardent). High com., G. F. S. Curry (Beauty) and H. G. Foster (Venom). Com., T. S. Carey (Sambo II).

TERRIERS.—Bull.—1st, J. S. Skidmore (Spring); 1d, R. Wadman (Duchess); 3d, Lieut. B. T. B. Flood (Lady Nelson). English: 1st, G. Raper (Minnie). Irish: 1st, R. B. Carey (Bob); 2d, J. Connor (Gip); 3d, J. Whelan (Boxer). Com., P. Finucane (Toby), J. Redding (Stinger Himself), and J. Connor (Nut). Skye: 1st, D. Pattison (Venus); 2d, J. S. Skidmore (Mac). Broken-haired: 1st, G. F. Richardson (Bramble); 2d, N Morton (Prim); 3d, N. Proud (Mona). High com., G. F. Richardson (Sting). Com., E W. Carr (Tim), E. Carr (Lil), R. T. Lefroy (Lena), and C. F. Staunton (Jack). Black and Tan: 1st, W. Graham (Young); 2d, J. Heaps (Neptune). High com., H. M. Erskine (Major) and A. J. Alexander (Turk). Com., F. W. Zurhorst (Blucher) Toy: 1st, W. E. Carter (Lewes); 2d, E. Sitherloy (Flora); 3d, P. Dunne (Fanny). High com., A. T G. Manders (Gill). Com., Master J. Cummins (Joco).

FOX TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, E. J. Poer (Whip and Cynic); 3d, W. B. Beatty (Grappler). High com., H. C. Fox (Hamlet), W. B. Beatty (2) (Styx, late Royal) and (Jack), J. Plant (Spot), and Capt. W. E. Roberts (Trimmer). Com., W. C. W. Snow (Prince) and R. N. Thompson (Trimmer). *Bitches:* 1st, J. F. Dillon (Matchless); 2d, E. J. Poer (Zuleika); 3d, J. Pryde (Weasel). High com., Dr. R. W. Biddulph (Dolly) and E. J. Poer (Peg Woffington). Com., J. A. Doyle (Circe).

DANDIE DINMONTS.—1st, W. B. Kyle (Purch).

PUGS.—*Dogs and Bitches.*—1st, Mrs. Tuffnell (Victor); 2nd, E. Thompson (Chang); 3rd, Mrs. P. R. Pigott (July); 4th, J. F. Gavacan (Toby). High com., E. J. Poer (Incy).

DACHSHUNDS.—1st, E. Hutton (Blumburg). High com., T. W. Webber (Dachsie). Com., G. Jamison (Berkley).

ANY OTHER BREED.—1st, H. G. Foster (Prince Solomon); 2nd, J. Kershaw (Mouse); 3rd (divided), Capt. D. F. Allen (Bogie), and F. Adcock (Satan).

PUPPIES.—*Irish Setters:*—1st, W. K. Barrett (Grouse); 2nd, T. Ryan (Shot). High com., N. J. Butler (Donald) T. Irwin (Belle), W. H. Saunders (Rollo), and T. Ryan (Dash). Com., F. Thunder (Count), Dr. J. Jefferson (Pelham), D. Sullivan (Bob), and S. T. Richardson (Rock).—*Fox Terriers:*—1st, S. A. Doyle (Wamba); 2nd E. J. Poer (Queenie); 3rd, M. Perry (Trump). Very high com., E. J. Poer (Boyne Water), and B. M. Prentice (Viper). High com., R. Johnson (Trap), W. C. W. Snow (Puffitt), and P. Ward (Fidget). Com., W. J. Wilson (Tramp).—*Any other Breed:*—1st, Mrs. E. L. Bull (Brenda); 2nd, Mrs. P. R. Pigott (Empress of India); 3rd (divided), A. E. C. Stuart (Goneril) and W. F. Lambert (Empress).

SELLING CLASS.—1st, J. J. Giltrap (Tackler); 2nd, S. Joyce (Marlow); 3rd, P. Clarke (Dandy).

LADIES' PETS.—1st, Mrs. Giltrap (Countess); 2nd, Miss Pim (Bismarck). High com., Mrs. T. Ferrall (Smitche) and Mrs. P. R. Pigott (Sheelah).—*English Exchange.*

THE Haverfordwest (Eng.) *Telegraph* records a remarkable instance of canine sagacity. For many months the sheep flocks in the neighborhood had been seriously worried, and one night the mutilated carcase of an ewe was found on the highway. The culprit was captured not long after covered with mud; but as he was well known he was set at liberty, and his owner communicated with. This gentleman agreed that if the dog were found covered in mud, it would be evidence against him; but on going to a certain barn the animal slunk out of his sleeping place as clean a beast as one could wish to see. Thereupon, it was agreed that his stomach should be tested by a handful of salt, and very speedily the wretched brute signed his own condemnation, by vomiting several pieces of sheep flesh. Upon this evidence his master consented to pay £23 damages.

WAKING UP.—The defeat of the native Tennessee dogs at the last Memphis field trials has caused their owners and advocates to wake up. It is the intention to leave nothing undone that will enable them to snatch the laurels from the heads of the Blue Bloods this Fall. A correspondent writes us from Nashville: "I do not think that our native bred Irish setters have any superiors. They as a general thing have simply been taught to stand, that being the great point, the ultimatum. I am glad, however, to say that we are now aroused to the necessity of thoroughly educating our dogs, and if we are beaten again it will be upon a fair field. We are now planting birds for our field trials this Fall."

SPURIOUS PEDIGREES.—Lake City, Minn., Feb. 10, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—Mr. A. Brandshaw, of Dallas, Texas, has made the statement over his signature that he has engaged two puppies out of some unknown (to me) bitch now in whelp to my prize winner Ranger. After I had informed him such was not the case, he writes me that my statement is false. I denounce this as a gross falsehood *There is not* at this time a bitch in existence that is in whelp to my Ranger, except those owned by me and in my possession. All to the contrary notwithstanding. I write this that *gentleman sportsmen in general* may be warned and not be imposed on. S. B. DILLEY.

MAJOR LOST.—Corning, Iowa, Feb. 3, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field:* Some infernal scoundrel stole my pup Major about ten days ago, and unless I can recover him, I shan't have anything to run against Guido in the puppy stakes at Nashville. By the way, in your issue of Jan. 27, where I claim name of Iowa Don for my lemon and white native English setter, the types made it read *liver* and white. *Kentucky cobblers* on you. DRACO.

MR. ELLIS' DOGS.—Mo. Valley, Iowa, Feb. 5, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field:* Mr. W. C Ellis, of this place, is looking for one of the Rock Dora pups, which he lately purchased from the St. Louis Kennel Club, which, with his Dan—Irish water spaniel, out of Whitman's Queen—by Sinbad—gives him a pair of good dogs; and Mr. Ellis deserves much credit for the interest he takes in trying to introduce the blue blood among us. WING SHOT

DAISEY.—Baltimore, Mich., Feb. 7, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field:* I claim the name of Daisey for my setter bitch, black, white and ticked, out of D. C. Sanborn's Fanny, by Chas. Williams' imported Carlo, whelped Aug. 18, 1876. R. G. RICE.

DEATH OF GIP.—Mr. John H. Fitchet's (West Troy, N. Y.) setter bitch Gip is dead. Gip was imported *in utero*, and was out of Brosna, and sired by the Rev. J. Cumming Macdona's Ranger. Gip exhibited all the good field qualities of her sire, and is a great loss to Mr Fitchet, who valued her very highly.

SALE OF WHIP.—Mr. P. H. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn., has purchased from Mr. Joseph A. Dew, Columbia, Tenn., the field trial setter dog Whip, litter brother to Stafford, by Rake out of Dart. Mr. Bryson originally owned Whip and exchanged him with Mr. Dew for Stafford.

PHIL.—Messrs. Waddell & Sherwood have found Old Phil.

Kennel.

Congenial Unions.

BY ARNOLD BURGES.

We have noticed in breeding dogs the very curious fact, that the offspring of unions where there is a marked congeniality between the parents will almost invariably show higher quality than that from unions where this is wanting. This is curious, because it goes to show the existence of sympathetic action among animals, and that there is an influence emanating from this, the duration and extent of which we do not pretend to limit. We have seen results from unions apparently precisely alike, except that in the one case there was an evident mutual appreciation akin to love in the human race, and in the other no such manifestation. The bitches were equally good, and both had produced first-class offspring from other connections. Yet, in the instances we refer to there was a very evident disparity in the produce. Doubters of our theory will say the one case was a "nick," the other not. But will these gentlemen tell us what causes or prevents the nick? We claim that a nick is less a matter of chance than is generally supposed, except so far as the element of chance controls the awakening of the reciprocal affection we have referred to. Nor is the fact that some dogs are more generally successful in getting good pups than others, any disproof of our theory; for it will be noticed that such dogs have unusually strong and marked characteristics, and the critical observer will recognize the influence of these upon the bitches themselves. The trouble is, that dog breeding has been very superficially understood, from the fact that few men have engaged in it to the extent necessary to afford sufficiently numerous opportunities for study, or for the attention to be attracted by any of those fortunate accidents which often reveal more of a hidden science than much patient investigation. We owe our own enlightenment in the present instance to accidental notice of the very strong fancy for each other shown by a dog and bitch which we were breeding. This started the question in our mind whether this affection would influence the progeny and subsequent experiment evolved the theory we now hold, and which we have seen supported time and again by proof we have not the time or space to recount. It is sufficient to say that we have had this theory demonstrated by single brief unions with utter separation afterwards, and by association continued from the time of connection to that of whelping.

It remains for us to show how this theory can be applied to practice by those who do not own stock dogs, yet desire to breed their bitches. So far as we have discovered, this exhibition is generally called out by the bringing together of opposites, each, as it were, supplying the lack of the other. As for example—a timid bitch is specially impressed by a high-courraged, bold dog, and a weak female by a strong male, whose protective ability she seems to appreciate. All over the world in all races, there is a tendency to unite and blend extremes, so that one may counteract the other. As every rule has its exceptions this, too, has its limits. No one owning a very fine nosed bitch should breed her to a dog of inferior scenting powers with the expectation of getting still keener noses in the progeny; for the faculty of scent is one that cannot be too strongly developed, and as it is undoubtedly hereditary both parents should possess it in as high a degree as possible; but on the other hand if one owns a bitch that is fast to heedlessness, he should breed her to a more cautious, slower dog, and, by the influence of one extreme over the other, produce a modified and improved race.

We have noticed that when a dog and bitch are brought together, both possessing similar characteristics, they do not manifest any special emotion. The union is unmarked by any strong feeling, and the produce very frequently exhibit a great difference in quality as between individual members; but when on the other hand dissimilar natures are united, each animal appears to care for the other in an unusual degree. The dog takes the bitch under his care and follows her about with an interest in all her acts which she seems to appreciate and delight in; from such unions we have always obtained strongly marked whelps.

There is a marked and natural disposition among breeders to secure the services of noted dogs for their bitches. This is right because that notoriety could not have been gained without good and sufficient grounds, and certainly such animals are, upon general principles, the most valuable stock dogs. But this does not in anyway set aside the necessity for choice upon the basis of adaptation, and the intelligent breeder will first study his bitch's nature, and knowing that, will next inquire into the character of the dog he desires to send her to. If he finds this supplies what his bitch lacks, he may necessarily expect that the union will be congenial and successful; but if on the other hand both dog and bitch are alike in attributes, the result, if we are correct, will be a lottery with prizes and blanks distributed indiscriminately.

Canine Notes from England.

[*From our Resident Correspondent.*]

LONDON, Eng., Jan. 20, 1877.

All sporting interest last week appeared to be centered at Altcar where the "great trial meeting" was celebrated in an unusually quiet manner and the cognoscenti are about as wise concerning the solution to the Waterloo Cup as they were before. Betting on the "big dog race" is about as brisk as ever but it must be, as far as the public are concerned, in blissful ignorance, for unhappy to relate it is yet not made known in whose nominations Master Sam, Banker and Darius will run, though it is generally supposed one of that trio will do battle for Mr. Lawton whose nomination was freely backed on Friday, both in London and Liverpool, at 100 to 5. As Mr. Briggs' Beardwood performed very creditably in the Members Cup and his Bed-fellow won the Molyneux stakes, a deal of money was forthcoming about his chance, his price finishing at little better than 20 to 1, though the "latest" is reported as "twenty eight;" Braw Lass will be in all probability, Mr. Brigge' selection. Mr. Salter continues to hold the pride of place in the market, for backers appear very sweet on the Squatter. Col. Goodlake, Mr. Brocklebank, Mr. Haywood and Mr. Marfleet come in for great favor at an average of 25 to 1 taken pretty freely. Barabbas is certain to do duty for the former and as he is reported fit and well and able to easily defeat Beeswing, the winner of the Member's cup, in which no less than thirty-six competed, he should not be allowed to run loose as they say at Tattersall's. Supposing that the dog Altcar ran in anything like his form when he was beaten in the third ties of the Member's cup by Myosotis, who subsequently beat Sour Grapes and went down in the final before Beeswing, Mr. Abbott's chance can be worth little, especially as it is reported his dog Munden spiked himself last week in training Sour Grapes above alluded to has recently been purchased by Mr. Stone, presumably for the great event, but granting that he will bear a lot of winding up he could never be improved into the necessary form. Col. Goodlake not having anything good enough of his own, will rest his faith on Mr. Curtis's Conster, winner of the Elsham cup, at Brigg. The Duke of Hamilton has a grand performer to run for him in Huron, a star that shone very conspicuously in the race last year, since when he is reported as vastly improved. Mr. Jardine, who, by the by is at length put up for the jockey club by Admiral Rous and seconded by Lord Rosebery, will be represented by Creole and Mr. Fletcher by Frenzy, late Corporal Dodd, the Curwen Cup winner, for which he has lately given a rather exhorbitant figure considering the style in which Myosotis wiped his eye in the first round of the Members' Cup at Altcar. Mr. Carruthers has frankly asserted his intention to run a dog of his own so that no heed need be taken of the *on dit* about his standing any of the sensation dogs. Mr. Cowan's and Mr. Trevor's noms. have both been nibbled at; the former will be represented by Cigarettes, who last week is said to have "made rings" round Cigar in a trial. The public form Cigarette displayed in the Brownlow Cup at Lurgan has already stamped him as a good hound. Col. Hathorn has a fast and clever one in Napoleon, own brother to Controversy. Lord Stair has not yet decided between Sentry-Go, Sanpan, Smatchet and Sculptor, but gossip points to the first named. Mr. T. L. Boote pins his faith to Mr. Haddon's Menalto, the dog that performed so well at Eaton Park and Thornton. Mr. Wise, the "Irish General," has secured Rosbery's Flageolet to do battle for him, and he is certain to run a good dog because he has won everything this season that he has tried for, though it is worthy of remark that the public, who are generally smart enough to get a bite at every good pudding, don't touch Mr. Wise's at all. The Earl of Haddington intends to depend on his own kennel, and will name the best of Honeydew, Hawkseye, and Hawthorn, after they have been fairly tried. To spot the pea among so many thimbles is no easy task, and I would rather defer doing so till I have proof positive to me of the "doubtfuls," especially Mr. Lawton; but as the running commences on the 21st of February, there is not much time to lose when the mail occupies so much of it, and I shall therefore boldly plump for Lawton's nomination, because whichever he runs, will be the best of Banker, Master Sam, and Darius.

It is just reported to me that the nomination held by the late Mr. Charles Morgan has been handed by the committee to W. W. Smith, who will depend on Tracy by Smuggler out of Fanny Warfield.

Several sportsmen in America having recently asked my advice concerning the formation of a National Kennel Club for America, it may be as well if I take the opportunity of doing so in these columns. In the first place, then, it is an admitted principle in logic, that everything animate, and nearly everything worth calling a thing, inanimate, requires a head. Every country, every army, every navy, every society, every court, every club, requires a boss, call him emperor, king, president, governor, general, or what you will, but have a head you must; and if circumstances interfere with or prevent the establishment of a legally constituted head, it is necessary to substitute the next best, one supported in faith and conducted in honor. It is a noteworthy fact that in all social bodies—whether of a public or a private nature—where legal governing power is lacking, the want is supplied by the establishment by consent of election, and the power thus vested is not only honored by the electing body, but its edicts and authority are invariably treated with greater respect than if they were legally binding. Self-elected governing bodies are never universally submitted to, for the very just reason that the commonalty object to be ruled by a head in the making of which they have no part or voice. Unfortunately our English Jockey and Kennel clubs are both self-elected, though there is a vast difference in their power, character and influence. The Jockey Club, which sprang into existence some time during the reign of George II, was originally simply an organized association of noblemen and gentlemen, similar to a yacht club, a polo club or a card club—who hired rooms or hotels in the neighborhood of the various race meetings at which it was usual for them to ride their own horses, and afterwards enjoy the exclusiveness of their own society; in fact the jockey club was a club pure and simple, and established for the convenience of the gentlemen jockeys of the period. The exact period of its start is unknown, but it is somewhere, of course, between the years 1727 and '58; in the latter year it was for the first time, officially noticed in *Heber's Racing Calendar*, but its decisions in disputed cases were not published till 1808, since when the club has assumed a jurisdiction over the racing world and continues to hold court, make laws, and punish offenders. The power and influence, however, of the Jockey Club is not owing so much to acknowledged authority as to the substantial and legal position it holds consequent on owning Newmarket Heath, the great headquarters of racing and training. While, therefore, their authority really only exists at Newmarket, the importance of that place as a racing centre strengthens the club with such a pillar of independence that their rules and laws must of necessity be obeyed elsewhere. If, for instance, they suspend a certain jockey from riding during any period as a punishment, and an owner employs him to ride at a meeting where the club possesses no legal status, they simply turn round and tell that owner and jockey they are "barred off" their course at Newmarket; and if a country race committee dare to permit any forbidden owner, trainer, jockey, or horse to perform or take part at any of their local meetings, the club effectually extinguishes and sponges it out for the future by simply publishing the fact that any horse engaged at such meeting shall be inhibited from running at any fixture held either at Newmarket or under its rules. The Kennel Club, on the other hand, possesses no such authority or influence; they are self elected and affect to be "exclusive."

Originally the body now known as the Kennel club, had banded themselves together as a gun club for promoting and enjoying the exciting and noble sport of "dove slaughter," but ultimately they transmuted themselves into the form under which they now exist; but their only real standing, beyond that of a social private club is that they undertake the sole management and control of the Annual Dog Show at the Crystal Palace, and organize a field trial occasionally for setters and pointers. It is true, that by industrious canvassing they have persuaded the promoters of certain shows to advertise them as held "under the rules and patronage of the Kennel club;" but their rules are in the main only such as they have collected and adopted from other sources, and as they possess no "patent rights" any show that so chooses is at perfect liberty to adopt them *in toto*, or, take and leave, just as may suit their convenience and circumstances. The "patronage" is rather ethereal, not to say one-sided. One thing is very certain, whenever the Kennel club wedge gets very far in, nobody gets much benefit beyond themselves; they form the committee, appoint the judges, exhibit all their own dogs, and act as a court of appeals afterwards! The proper thing, and which is beginning to dawn on the doggy world at last, is the establishment of clubs for each breed. We have now the Mastiff club, the Bull-dog club, the Bull-terrier club, the Dandie club, the Fox terrier club and two Skye terrier clubs; others are sure to follow though there is any quantity of opposition to fight against; and when every breed has its representative club it will be an easy matter to form a central canine committee with the prefix of national or universal or any thing else; each club will of course send its representatives, which being elected by the majority will leave no doubt that the right men are filling the right places, and being the selected of the fancy, will carry more weight and respect than could possibly attach to a self-elected body. Let American fanciers try the thing; it is certain of success in a country so politically liberal as theirs.

CARACTACUS.

Render Unto Caesar.

COLUMBIA, Tenn., Feb. 5, 1877.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I have been deeply interested in the many articles and communications that have graced the columns of your sportsman's journal *par excellence*, relative to the claims of superiority of native or blue; charmed with the brilliant thrust or graceful parry; grieved at any transgression of the bounds of courtesy or chivalry. Your correspondent "H." touches the key note in your last issue in his article headed "Unanimity," which I fell assured will awaken a tender and responsive chord in the heart of every noble knight of the trigger. No two men think exactly alike upon any matter, and the true test of noble manhood is a willingness to yield something of charitable favor at least to the opinions and actions of others, though they should not fully accord with our own notions. A just criticism is not often harmful, but anything that smacks of the selfish, the malicious or uncharitable can do no good. These thoughts are suggested by the great difference in the spirit of the article alluded to above, and the communication of "Draco" in your issue of Jan. 27th, with its unpleasant strictures upon the Campbells at Memphis. These are quiet gentlemen, fond of dog and gun, who with a spirit of generous rivalry met with kindred spirits on the bloodless battle field of the Tennessee field trials, and in defeat gracefully accepted the situation, until another tourney might offer them a chance to twine the laurels around their first love, the native. And for fear my motive in penning this may be misconstrued, I will say that these gentlemen and myself do not agree entirely in our kennel ideas, for mine are the bluest of the ceruleans. I am guilty of being fashionable. The blood of Leicester, Dart, Rake, Ruby and Pride of the Border mingling in its fourteen occupants; and I pin my faith to these. The Campbells pride themselves upon their natives, and I am free to say with good reason. Many a morning, with its light, crisp, autumn winds bringing a ruddy glow to the cheek, have I walked up to them on their staunch points; many a brilliant bag has rewarded a day's labor wih them, and many pleasant memories associated with them. As a flood of tender recollections sweep back the mists and shadows of time, its images unfaded bring to mind like the gliding scenes of a panorama, the graceful sweeping gallop of Floss, the crouching form of Winkie, or the dashing Mac; and as we wander in the orchard and pause for a moment at the little mound above which the first white blossoms mingle their balmy incense with the breath of Spring, we breathe an orison that the native dead might meet us in the happy hunting grounds. While you and I, Draco, have taken the "new departure," yet if "Ephraim is joined to his idols" why not "let him alone?" The Campbells exhibited their dogs, handled them themselves and the record and reports have gone to the sporting world, and it is hard for me to realize that a person who prides himself upon the companionship of Frank Forrester would be first to say an unkind thing of the vanquished. Herbert would not have done so. I hope that this "*little* piece" of Draco's was not intended to have the injurious effect it might bear with it, and that he wishes already for oblivion to spread over it the mantle of forgetfulness, and I could pray with him for Charity in her dove-like flight to poise and drop a tear to blot it out forever. Unfortunately these softening influences come too late; the envenomed shaft has sped its flight and fastened itself rankling and festering in the wound. Now, Draco, if you do not wish Mr. C. to train your dogs, I certainly think he will permit you to select some one else without drawing so heavily on your purse as to exhaust all the money "in the State of Tennessee." You say "whenever their dogs made a mistake, bull-dozing was certain to follow. Now Mr. M. C. ran his bitch Buck, Jr., through the trial, without once striking her as I am informed. You also say, "If there was one thing that the Memphis congregation was unanimous upon, it was that Mr. Campbell was entirely unfit to handle a dog," etc. I was not, I regret, at Memphis, but the Franklin correspondent was, and another gentleman, who was also present and one high in authority with the Tennessee association, thinks differently, and has since purchased two broken dogs from Mr. C. I leave you to reconcile these discrepancies.

All this, as the lamented Abe would say, reminds me of an anecdote. During the late unpleasantness, while filling the gallant position of buttermilk ranger, a pause in more active duty enabled a comrade and myself to ride out one day and get our canteens filled with—buttermilk, of course. As we rode back to camp it became necessary for me to ride behind Tom and hold him in the saddle, as his canteen was seriously effecting his equipoise. As we rode into camp who should we meet but the chaplain! If Ben de Bar could imitate Tom's attempt at a salute it would win him imperishable fame on the boards. The chaplain's face wore a look of mingled pity, sorrow, and anger, which Tom managed to comprehend. He raised himself and with a wave of the hand, said, "Pardon, (hic) if you don't like my style (hic) don't adopt it." *Verb sap sat.* As Draco seems, from his article to "Lex," familiar with law books, he may pardon me for closing with the following text which he may be able to locate: "The heart which is neither effected by moral or religious precept, but which is nourished by the blood issuing from the wounds of mangled reputation ought to be mended by the whole-some correction of the law.

J. H. DEW.

Mr. Sherwood to Messrs. Burges and Lynx.

EDINA, MO., February 4, 1877.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I hereby return my thanks to Mr. Burges and say there is no use in further controversy between us, when he, as he has said, prefers the pleasentest way I laid out to settle a little difference of opinion. That I can be convinced he has as *good* dogs "as ever quartered a field," I feel almost certain; that they are *better* I do sincerely doubt. That little Nellie will throw finer or better than Dell or Dream, since bred to his Rob Roy, than she did to our own dead Pilot, I do most positively doubt, because of my disbelief in such a possibility. And when Mr. Burges visits me—*the invitation will always hold good*—we will look over my library together, and side by side with his own A. K. and S. F. (that I paid $4 for, when being a *dealer* I could have had it one-third off, by sending to my book house, but refused for reasons that I stated then, and such as always have governed my actions through life). Mr. Burges will find me surrounded by almost every sporting book of merit, among them a little volume called "The Setter," by Ed. Laverack, Esq., a gentleman who, for his age, if nothing more, I entertain the most profound respect. As an authority on the dog, especially as a "setter man," I rank him second to none; and the only reason that I do not settle in my own mind as to the better of the two breeds—the Laverack or Llewellin—is because I do not feel able to import a pair from each. As to his idea of "breeding in again up to the pure bred sire," I will say, like the preachers do in proving different theories from the same volume, let me quote from this "fine old English gentleman's" work to prove, if I had seen fit to breed my black eyed Susan to Elcho instead of Rock, she being nearly identified in blood and color to his lemon and white Beltons with which he wanted to cross the noble red Irish, I would not have been guilty of a wrong in his estimation, for he says: "So highly do I value the true blood of the Irish that I visited Ireland four times for the express purpose of ascertaining where the pure blood was to be found, with a view to crossing them with my Beltons." Now, among other things, he says of Gen. Wyndham's Cockermouth Castle dog: "I consider him to have been the most magnificent specimen of an Irish setter I ever saw." Again he says: "He was very long in the head, particularly low, very oblique in his shoulders, wheeled or roach-backed, very deep and *broad* in the chest, remarkably wide behind the shoulders, and very short in the back and legs—more so than any Irish setter I ever saw; he had an immense profusion of coat, with a tinge of black on the tip of his ears." In another place he says: "This dog had a black shade on the tip of his coat." This, you see, he admired—'twas his right. He says he should have bred to this dog, only for the following reason: "No one was ever able to break him, and his stock were frequently black." Oh, how I do wish I was able to sell this little work to every American sportsman at ten cents each—not because I don't think it worth at least 50 times its price, for I do; but because there are many who are not able to buy and still don't want a thing for nothing—therefore, could I afford to sell them at ten cents each, every sportsman could say I have a copy, I bought it; there is so much good in it and nothing bad. Now, in Count, out of Rose by Colburn's Dash, Waddell bred a dog that fills the bill only that he can be broken, and the gentleman to whom he goes is not buying him for the stud, but for his own pleasure; and besides his being the model Mr. Laverack describes, in him there is what he says is after all to be our guide. Hear him: "The first thing to be attended to in breeding is to consider what object the animal is intended for. My idea is, *general utility*—for the gun is the great *desideratum*." Thanks, my noble hearted English friend, for there is independence of spirit in you to perfection. Were you in my place and a man was to say to you, as one did to me, rear me a dog with coat blood-red like this fellow—be sure you have the tinge to both that and ears and I am happy;" why, of course you would try, especially did he say he only wanted him for his pleasure. I can name in this broad land at least one hundred men who have written me that they wanted a dog that was odd—different from everyone else's. Why, there are not two ladies in America that did they have their bonnets alike, but one or the other would give to her maid and buy something different.

Another thing; there is to-day a class of men—gentlemen—who being unable to pay "$50 for a blue blooded pup at eight weeks," are content to own a highly bred dog at 12 weeks for half the money. I breed both kinds, therefore, hereafter, remember when I offer to test a matter as goes the old story about the test of the pudding, I do hope that my friends will not think I am a "native" dog man—preferring them as a class to the imported or, *vice versa*. I could not go to Memphis to-day with an ideal dog of mine and win, but what the honor would be more than divided as between myself and some English or American breeder.

Can all say give me "health only" till after the next event, and I'll have been there; for the other requisite, I will surely bank ere then, if I have to roast pea nuts. I sell to economize and save. Give us a pointer pup, and aged class, also as well as the braces. Give us a rule with a penalty that can't be abolished, and if I don't show to my friends that I have at least one brace of dogs out of ten I want to enter that can go to the front, then indeed will I say; hide me, O hide me again "under a very large bushel." Should my blue blood pointer Sancho (in the braces with one which certainly will not forget he is himself again—and mine), I say, should he so far forget his English cunning as to prevent a winning card from turning trumps with such a native player to lead, then will I give him, the native, a hand and let him go it alone to victory or—"under a very large bushel." Could I hear the applause that would follow this native dog if, like his name-sake, he passed the river Blue as well as the Rubicon, gladly would I rejoice with the half million owners of pure but native bred dogs, as did the children of Israel when the river Jordan was between them and the foe. Then, when the occupants would stick out their heads for a little air that's free, we would not throw mud and holler take in your pates! For defending a native dog or dogs, I claim the same right as Mr. Burges does for defending a native gun, and a good one. He named his gun, and I named my dog. Comment unnecessary. Freely do I forgive him all and ask the favor reciprocated; and only that "Lynx" wants our "*slang*" stopped. I would gladly continue, in a friendly way, the different views, and especially the quotations from Laverack on "The Setter," a book whose every word is on the end of my tongue, or more nearly perfectly so than anything I ever tried to learn by heart excepting the Lord's prayer, taught me by a good but poor old mother.

Good-bye brother Burges, till you "come with your red dogs" to visit and shoot with me, and then when we get together we can talk what we won't write about. In regard to "Lynx" I now withdraw my proposition to him—he is not one of those "peaches so ripe as to fall without knocking." He talks about how they "rode into the jaws of death," etc. I was a little angered at him then, and never having had the advantages of a *collegiate education* I hardly know what his *nom de plume* suggested till I brought into requisition my pocket edition of a dead collegian. Knowing I, with a game arm was no match for such a terror, I only wanted him to play *lame* cat with the chestnuts, while he a *wild* one, up a tree sprang down and made the fur fly, thereby burning his fingers. To cure a disease the doctors agree that the cause must be removed; so when he as in the last line says: "But persevere like old friend—Lynx." I say, I will. When a man says he is my friend I don't question his motive, and were he a real genuine wild cat, as his signature signifies, instead of the gentleman I believe him to be, could he be tamed I would cheerfully and gladly say, "Come to my arms," you ducky darling," you shall have a box stall in the kennel, and when visitors come in I'll play Barnum and point with pride to the "happy family." I am sorry I can't compose poetry, but such is the case; still, I can select, and commend to him that which is appropriate—only a couple of verses of Joaquin Miller's "Songs of the Sun Lands:"

"I say to you surely that grief shall befall;
I lift you my finger, I caution you true,
And yet you go forward, laugh gayly, and you
Must learn for yourself, then mourn for us all.

"You had better be drown'd than to love and to dream;
It were better to sit on a moss-grown stone,
And away from the sun, and forever alone,
Slow pitching white pebbles at trout in the stream."

Now, "friend LYNX," see how charitable I can be with you when you dreamed of my native dogs being ground up into half-price sausage and telling it to my annoyance. "*Charity* is the word," others would have rushed in to print to deny that *love* or anything but snakes could have created a thought of sausage; and those snakes in your boots.

JESSE SHERWOOD.

THE DOG IN NEW ZEALAND.—A discovery, says a Northern contemporary, has recently been made in the cliff south of the Urenui, which appears to show that the dog is at least a very ancient inhabitant of New Zealand. The cliffs in the district are upwards of 100 feet high, and are of pliocene cretaceous formation. A bone having been obtained from the face of the cliff by one of Capt. Good's children, Capt. Rowan searched the spot, and was successful in finding portions of the skull, vertebræ, and leg bones of a dog. These remains were situated near to the face of the cliff, in a hollow tree, in which appears to have been the bed of a stream, and 19 feet below the top of the cliff. Various strata of sandstone, lignite and gravel were above the remains, showing that a very considerable period must have elapsed since they were deposited in that spot.

PLUTO.—Mr. G. H. Purnort, of Minneapolis, has sold his four months old Ranger-Fan pup Pluto to Robert Mulligan, of same place, for seventy-five dollars.

Mr. Jesse Sherwood to H.

EDINA, MO., Feb. 4th, 1877.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I thank brother H. for his article on "Unanimity." The writer knows he has a clean heart within him, and good, that prompted such counsel. I "accept the situation." I am indeed "reconstructed," and will swear to the obligation he evidently thinks ought to be taken to not wrong one another. I will do more—I will answer no mean criticism or slurs, but look around for the little crumbs of comfort that such true noblemen as himself; "cast upon the waters." God knows I do not want to injure or wrong a brother, still I do not want to continually "lick the hand that smites me." Were I after pelf alone I would breed none but blue bloods, of which I can truthfully say that I own as many as any one man in the kennel business in America. When a man comes in my store and says, "How much for a sack of flour?" I do not tell him, "$2.25 for the best," and insist on him taking that quality *or none*. No; when he says, "I can't buy the best," he strikes a tender chord, and my heart fills into my mouth at the very thoughts of telling him that his money will only pay for a third rate brand. I do not do it if he will take a second rate and owe me the difference, for I know that the second rate is a straight brand often, or the midlings with a little of the best winter wheat ground in to give color or rather to whiten the flour. Now, the third rate flour is as the *purely native dog*—the cheap trash; the second rate is the well-bred—the high bred dog that can trace directly or indirectly to at least sire or dam, imported, and best of all to both sire or dam a fine performing fielder. This is the dog for the poor man that buys a dog like flour, according to his ability to pay. The best or first rate flour is as the iubred dog—the one that is the same color of every other rich man's dog—spotless white or maybe with a little lemon, or a "tri-color"—the dog for the rich man that, like the bread, the white bread, that 'tis said the most of us eat when young, he is eating yet.

Just so long as I sell my wares and merchandise to the rich and poor alike just so long will I try to give each man the kind of dog he wants. The whitish bread does not always fatten the quickest, neither is the handeomest dog only always the best, when we consider the object for which he is to be used. On the other hand the same concilliatory spirit was not shown by "Viator" in his Blue vs. Red, as by H. He goes for the dear little potterer; can't even let her rest with her laurels fairly won; 'tis a pity she would not flush, and that she backs! Had she flushed there would be no necessity of keeping the penalty abolished, for she would then be badly handicapped as against a flusher if she had to contend with an older one. Which is the greater fault, I respectfully ask, pointing "stink birds" or flushing? He says a little of this stink bird business "might be tolerated in a puppy, but not in an old dog courting the front ranks in a field trial." Might not better a little flushing be done by a puppy than an old dog?

In making the rules for all, was it right to wait till the puppies ran, and then abolish the penalty for flushing ere the old dogs ran? It is disputed that the best bird that flies is a goose stuffed with onions; but admitted, the same sauce that is good for the little goosey-goslings is equally so for the big goosey-ganders. In looking closely for "crumbs of comfort" in "Viator's" I don't find them, but instead, "the bitter sarcasm of heretofore;" on the contrary, it looks at the finish that he even wanted to be personal about the "high moral courage, etc.; I hope not; I would hate to think so a moment; that he would, under a *nom de plume* stand behind a tree as it were, and with a long range rifle pick out and pierce to the heart his fellow man—like the "sharp shooters" did their brothers thirteen years ago. As to this matter of combination of which he says, "when you hit it, you strike the key note that played the victor's march at the late Memphis field trials." Now, its true that all played a grand march—a lively tune—that all sang often and well; till now, with it, like Sherman's march to the sea, it has affected the "turkey gobblers and sweet potatoes," and almost turned men's brains as well as hardened their hearts. I ask would it not be well to let the old machine run down and write a card and paste on the old trap, and say with Nast as of the New York *Tribune*, "This is not an organ?"

A good friend gave us a beautiful "tri-color," and he has sent across the water for the attachment that proves 'tis gold that glitters in this case; and now while we are not sure that we have struck a lead, still we are positive that we have got the color.

Listen for a sound from across the mighty deep. I can name a tune that won't be sung by the blue birds a few months hence. I imagine I hear them tuning the old harp there now; but it takes longer to prepare music to order *than to buy it at auction*, therefore I am content to wait; and if the old organs are let run down and set for a new tune, it might prevent some machine from playing a poor second to a better first. Why, since our forefathers pitched the tea over into Boston's harbor there has been a tune sung too and fro across this mighty ocean that is hard to discount. Why, "down to Boston" they can make a better nutmeg of wood than can be grown in Ceylon, and so shapely that I would actually be afraid to "stick a pin in 'em" for fear they would "bleed" like the true nut will. To-day could I not have a Laverack to select (or some other good judge over there) then would I send his book to some ingenious Laut and ask him would he build me a model dog from wood—one that I could send to Europe to guide in the selection. He being a "setter man," did I want a pointer I would tell him by all means to whittle down his tail, (for anything but a club tail on a pointer dog.)

Now "Viator," if you really do mean to be personal, let me commend to you three verses of Joaquin Miller's "Charity," where he quotes in *the only line ever written by Christ:*

And he said: "She has sinn'd; let the blameless
Come forward and cast the first stone!"
But they, they fled shamed and yet shameless,
And she, she stood white and alone.

Who shall now accuse and arraign us?
What man shall condemn and disown?
Since Christ has said only the stainless
Shall cast at his fellows a stone.

For what man can bear us his bosom,
And touch with his forefinger there,
And say 'Tis as snow, as a blossom?
Beware of the stainless, beware!

Living in a great city like St. Louis I doubt not but "Viator" has heard poor dead Pareppa Rosa—may be in Flotow's opera of Martha; could the blue bloods sing a song like she sang of her namesake, then indeed 'twould be grand; but as they can't, why, O, why! not sing it once; and like the Queen of the Burlesque Opera, Aimee, in La Perichole (with her fly) brush it away while imitating its buzzing so grandly.

JESSE SHERWOOD.

HOW TO TIE UP DOGS.—Skaneateles, N. Y., Feb. 5, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—Having noticed B. H. E.'s (Council Bluffs) enquiry as to tying up his pup, I give you my mode of tying up dogs. I secure a stout fence wire to two posts, say 20 yards apart and about three feet above the ground. On this wire I have a loose ring one inch in diameter, and to this ring fasten the dog by a suitable chain. At one end of the wire place the kennel, with the floor well up from the ground to avoid dampness; also, provide a shade from the rays of the sun in hot weather, and a platform two or more feet high, near the kennel in the shade. At the opposite end of the wire place a bank of sawdust or coal ashes. The dog will get his exercise in traveling the length of the wire, and will deposit all excrements at the farther end of wire, where they are easily composted with the material provided, or removed as may be desired. For more than one dog, place a series of wires parallel and just far enough apart that the dogs cannot reach each other. There will be no howling, as they appear to enjoy the arrangement, and keep perfectly healthy. I have never lost a dog or pup after ten days old, or had one sick other than from worms, which they are sure to have after being weaned, and are brought away from them sometimes like balls of thread. There is nothing worse for a pup or young dog than being allowed to run wild and to play with other dogs. There is so much business born in them that nothing escapes their attention, and what they do not inquire into is of small account.

ASA L. SHERWOOD.

STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE AND POINTS OF JUDGING.—THE IRISH SETTER.—Head narrow, widening a little in the forehead, skull slightly arched; ears a fair length, slightly folded, hanging straight, set well back in the head, and moderately feathered; eye hazel or brownish, with a sensible and loving look, not prominent; nose dark flesh color or black; chest but moderately wide, with great depth; back straight, but slightly receding to the hip, with good loins and well bent stifles. Stern carried slightly up, not much flagged, but slightly; coat inclined to be harsh, not soft and silky, smooth, or wavy, and thick, but not too long; color a deep mahogany red, but not any black; white, however, is allowable in some Irish breeds on chest and legs and neck.

POINTS IN JUDGING.

Head	20	
Neck	5	
Legs	5	
Feet	5	
Shoulders	15	
Back	10	
Loins	10	
Hind-quarters	15	
Stern	5	
Color	10	100

How to Rear Puppies.

CLEVELAND, O., Feb. 10, 1877.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—Thinking that a few lines on the rearing of puppies—by one who has had some experience in that line—would not come amiss, I submit the following: I will begin with the bitch whelping. The puppies should be removed one by one as they come into the world after the bitch has cleaned them. The weaker ones should receive especial care; they should be put into a box or basket lined with cotton batting, or some other substance equally soft and warm, and if the weather is cold they should be put near the fire. After the "trouble" is over the bed of the bitch should be changed and the puppies put with her to suckle—but on no account would I allow the smaller and weaker ones to remain with the bitch after feeding until they are hungry again; they should be put with the bitch to nurse and taken away when satisfied, until they have sufficient strength to shift for themselves. A great many persons destroy all of the weak and puny ones, under the impression that they will not live, and if they did live would always be weak and puny; this I think is a mistake, as I have seen some of these "runts" turn out the largest and best of a litter. As to the number of puppies a bitch can rear, I do not think that any rule can be laid down. Some authorities say that six are enough; others say seven. I once owned a pointer bitch that reared her whole litter of ten puppies; also, a setter bitch that reared twelve out of a litter of sixteen, and I think that she could have reared the whole lot. At weaning time both of these litters were in as good form as any that I have ever seen. I think that with a little extra feeding and care, bitches would rear larger litters than they do ordinarily. The little ones open their eyes when from ten to eighteen days old; and in a few days after they have opened their eyes can be taught to lap milk; and if the litter be large in numbers it is very important that they should be so taught. You will have to be very patient with the little fellows at first, but they are generally very apt pupils where their stomachs are concerned. The milk should be warmed at first, but can be given cool after a time if the weather is warm. The following I have found to be very good food for a bitch while suckling a litter, or at any time in fact: Take a sheep's head, split down the forehead, put into a kettle, and boil until all of the meat comes off the bone; take out the bones, add sufficient water to make up for what has evaporated during the time of boiling; when it boils again stir in equal parts each of oat and corn meal until quite thick; let it cook over a slow fire for two hours at least. When cool this will cut like cheese. The addition of a little salicylic acid will keep it sweet for several days in warm weather; a quarter of an ounce of the acid will serve for four such messes as I mention. All puppies are more or less affected with worms, and I do not think I am putting it too high when I say that these pests are the direct cause of the loss of more than one half of the puppies that die before reaching the age of six months. Assafœtida will kill worms, as will also garlic and onions, all of which are perfectly safe, as well as being simple remedies. Areca nut is too powerful I think for puppies, though it is one of the best worm destroyers known. I know of three puppies that died in less than twenty-four hours after being dosed with it. I do not say that it was the areca nut that killed them, but mention the fact of their dying after it was given them. The assafœtida can be made into pellets about the size of No. 4 shot, and one of these will be enough for a puppy of five or six weeks old. The garlic may be chopped fine, and a small quantity given in any food that the puppy will eat readily. When these remedies are given it should be on a stomach as nearly as possible empty. If the puppies are rid of worms before they change their teeth there need be no fear of distemper, for should they be attacked with it (which is doubtful) it would be but lightly. At least such is my experience. The teeth are changed when the pups are between four and five months old, and should any of the temporary ones hang on after the fifth month they had better be removed, as after this time they act as foreign bodies, set up inflamation of the gums, and finally end in what is known as cankered mouth. The pups all along should have fresh cooked food from clean vessels, plenty of pure air and exercise. The man who thinks that "anything" is good enough for a dog had better choose some other occupation than that of raising puppies.

J. H.

And Yet Only a Dog.

DETROIT, Mich., Feb. 12, 1877.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I have just listened to a mournful story of a dog's affection and suffering for his dead mate, given by a young lady who is fond of dogs, and related the incident with tears in her eyes. "Coming down Woodward avenue to-day, I saw lying in front of Emanuel Church, a large lemon and white dog stretched out his full length—dead; and sitting close beside him was a small dog, his head drooping and his eyes nearly closed, the picture of grief and despair. He made no movement nor would he notice anything unless some one offered to touch his dead companion when he would growl fiercely and try to bite or snap at them. Some kind hearted person had brought him a large piece of meat, but it did not appear to have been touched. I inquired how long the dead dog had lain there, and one of the bystanders (there were several) said they had both been there three days; the small dog had not been seen to leave his dead companion, but had stood there keeping guard faithfully over him, nor had he left the spot near his head. It was one of the most affecting sights I ever saw, and one that even the gentlemen standing near could not witness without showing some emotion." I have since endeavored to learn what became of the faithful watcher, but thus far all my efforts have proved unavailing.

I once had an acquaintance who, many years ago, in company with twenty others, and his faithful setter dog, undertook the perilous journey of crossing the plains. They wandered far out of their way, and unfortunately became lost in the Alkali Desert, where not a living thing is to be found excepting lizards; their provisions gave out, and they were obliged to subsist on these disgusting creatures nearly three weeks or until death brought relief to all but three of the party, including the dog, which shared with them, and appeared to understand their sufferings and positiou as well as they did themselves.

My friend said that he could not have lived through it if it had not been for the dog, which hunted almost constantly for them, when they were too weak to do it themselves; he brought them the only thing that could be found, and even such food was not plentiful; but he always expressed his gratification when his master accepted the creatures, and seemed to want to say "Take it, it is the best I can do." My friend used to say that "Jack" understood him better than any human being in the world. Having suffered a domestic affliction which deprived him of his family, he made a companion of his faithful Jack; he always talked to him as if he were a human being, and Jack certainly must have understood a great deal that was said to him. Sometimes when riding with a friend, to show how intelligent the dog was he would say in a very low tone of voice, "Jack, hadn't you better sit in the back part of the buggy, we are too much crowded here;" in an instant the dog would be over the seat. Again, without looking at him, "Jack, you had better take a little run now;" down he would leap and run behind until his master said: "You can sit on the seat with me if you want to;" and then in a moment he was in without waiting for the buggy to stop. He knew the name of nearly every article of his master's wearing apparel and would bring whatever he was sent for if he only heard the name of the article wanted. A gentleman called on my friend one evening to obtain something he had loaned him. Mr. J. took the lamp and went out to find it and left his visitor sitting in the dark; the dog, of whose proximity he was not aware of, suddenly came out from under the bed and seized him by the foot and gave it a pretty tight pinch with his teeth, just enough to let him know that he must keep quiet and not meddle with anything; then lay down directly in front of him; the least movement of either hand or foot would bring another pinch a litle harder than the first. He dared not make the the least noise to call his friend, who he said "he believed was gone an hour," for fear of Jack's making more savage demonstrations. Jack stood guard till his master returned with the light, when he seemed satisfied and went back under the bed again, much to the relief of the caller, who said it was the last time he would ever be left alone in the dark with that dog, and that he never experienced such sensations as he did when sitting there, a prisoner with a dog for his keeper.

ARTHUR.

NARROW ESCAPE OF THE GLAMORGANSHIRE FOXHOUNDS.—The Glamorganshire foxhounds met last week at Llantwit Major, and it being their first meet at that ancient town, a very large number of persons attended. The hounds went straight to Boverton Farm, where a fox was discovered, and in pursuing it they nearly met with an accident which would undoubtedly have killed a large number of them. The fox at first took a course parallel with the seashore, but turning suddenly towards the south, reynard ran over the edge of the cliff, and disappeared into a hole. The hounds were by this time in full cry, and having the fox in view till he got to the cliff, they were making straight towards the spot where he disappeared. Mr. Thomas, of the Bear Hotel, Cowbridge, who luckily was close to the hounds, saw their danger, and, assisted, by Cross, the huntsman, and the first whipper-in, Harry, the hounds, with the exception of one, were called off, and escaped the danger of going over the cliff, which, at this spot, is about 300ft. high. The hound which was foremost, and which went over the edge of the cliff, was killed instantaneously, and had not Mr. Thomas and the huntsman been near the pack at the time, they would undoubtedly have gone over the cliff and shared a similar fate.—*The Country.*

FLOSS.—Mr. J. W. Strohm's (Vail, Iowa) lemon-and-white ticked bitch Floss, by Rock out of Pickles, has visited Mr. Demuth's black-and-white ticked Dash, by Pride of the Border out of Dora.]

The Laverack Setter Dog Pedigree.

The pure Laverack setter Pedigree, the subject of our illustration this week, was bred in 1875 by Mr. Edward Laverack and imported in 1876 by his present owner, Mr. Chas. S. Westcott, Philadelphia. Pedigree is of medium size, orange and white in color, and is a son of Bailey's Victor, champion prize winner at Crystal Palace. His sire, Victor, is also brother to Llewellin's Countess, Nellie and Prince, Garth's (Q. C.) Daisy, Reed's Juno, Pilkington's Dash, Blinkhorn's Victress (now Smith's), Raymond's Fairy and other celebrated winners at field trials and public exhibitions. His dam, Blue Daisy, is out of Blue Cora, own sister to Dicken's Belle, winner of champion prize once at Crystal Palace once at Birmingham, and many other prizes.

Pedigree has the oblique shoulder and curved hind quarters of the true Laverack setter, and we have seldom, if ever, seen such a remarkable development of chest as he has; his feather is fine and luxuriant, and he is far superior in every respect than when we saw him before the Centennial Bench Show. So great has been his improvement that he closely ran the champion Rock for the blue ribbon at Baltimore in January, running a near second. Altogether Pedigree is a dangerous setter and may be justly termed a "pocket giant" among dogs.

We call the attention of our readers to the supberb execution of the artist's work in this picture. Messrs. Schreiber & Sons photographers, Philadelphia, make a specialty on the line of live stock, and being breeders of setters, and sportsmen themselves are well adapted to their calling. By a method of their own they transfer their photographs to the plate ready for the printer's hands producing a perfect facsimile of nature. Pedigree's dimensions are as follows:

Length of head	10	inches.
Eye to nose	4½	inches.
Spread of ears	16½	inches.
Nose to root of tail	38	inches.
Length of tail	14	inches.
Girth of chest	32	inches.
Height at shoulder	24	inches.
Weight	49	lbs.

H. REPLIES TO G. W. W.—Knoxville, Iowa, Feb., 10, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—In your issue of Feb. 3d 1877 your correspondent G. W. W., of Germantown, Tenn., differed with me in the affirmation expressed in my communication of the 5th of January, 1877. I do not grant it; but will hold him to the record I will be pleased to cite him to the word perfection as a conventional term; and sincerely hope he may profit by a careful study of it, viz: "Perfection. 1. State of being perfect or complete, so that nothing requisite is wanting. 2. Physical perfection, is when a natural object has all its powers, faculties, or qualities entire and in full vigor, and all its parts in due proportion. 3. Metaphysical or transcendental perfection, is the possession of all the essential attributes, or all the parts necessary to the integrity of a substance. This is absolute, when all defect is precluded, such as the perfection of God; or, according to its kind, as in created things. 4. An inherrent or essential attribute of supreme or infinite excellence; or one perfect in its kind, as the perfections of God, Himself. The infinite power, holiness, justice, benevolence and wisdom of God are denominated "His perfections." Now divesting his argument of all its plausibility, I refer him back to the original syllogism; *i. e.* all God's works are created perfect; barring those to which you were referred in the original text. And I again reaffirm it, and with all his sophistry, I defy him to negative either the major or minor premises. Whilst under the dissecting knife of the anatomist, your thoroughbred horse, cow, hog, dog and game-cock, reveal but the mortifying and humiliating assurance, that they are identical, in muscle sinew, cartliage, bone and brain; and are but the exact counter part of their brother—the native. With all man's high development of animal creation, can he create a single new attribute or characteristic? I emphatically say no. It is a little humiliating I know; but we offer you the desperate alternative of taking those pets you name from under syllogistic reasoning, by proving they are not of the order we assign them, but wholly the production of man. I freely grant your opinion. I claim mine. Give me your reply and let the matter rest. Truly yours, H.

THE ORIGIN OF THE GORDON SETTER.—Blue Earth City, Faribault County, Minn., Feb. 5, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—I received your note to-day, enquiring about the history of the Gordon setter. They were originally bred by the late Marquis of Anglesea, at Beaudesart, in the county of Stafford. The way I came to know so well about that breed of dogs is, my grandfather was head gamekeeper there during that period, and he had the sole management of them, and my father engaged with Lord Blantyre, in London, as his head keeper, and came down into Scotland to one of his estates, and was in his service for about 60 years; and Lord Blantyre got the same breed of dogs at that time from the late Marquis of Anglesea and brought them down into Scotland, and my father bred them every year after that until unable to attend to his business. I do not recollect definitely whether the Duke of Gordon got them from the Marquis of Anglesea or from Lorn Blantyre first; but I think, from a faint recollection, that it was from Lord Blantyre. They were the handsomest and the best setters that I ever saw or hunted with. The late Duke of Gordon at one time sold off his kennel of setters; some of them sold for 60 guineas; but they still retain the breed. I was at Gordon Castle, in Murrayshire, about 25 years ago, and they still had the same breed of setters. I bought two young setters for my master at that time. They were very much sought after. The general color of that breed of dogs was black, white, and tanned at the muzzle, well feathered on the tail and legs, and long flowing ears in some setters you would find a dark blue gray with a black saddle across the back, and sometimes a pure black, and small white spots all over the body. I bred these dogs myself when I lived with the late Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, and I found them all about the same color. I sold some of them to Sir William Maxwell, of Monruth, in Wigtonshire, and he bred them, and they were all about the same color as mentioned above.

GEORGE PACE.

H. REPLIES TO L. OF BUFFALO, N. Y.—Knoxville, Iowa, Feb. 16, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—In L.'s long and labored reply to my communication of the 5th of January, '77; I beg leave to inform him he has proved little or nothing. I affirmed that the dog was created. His whole communication is only confirmatory, and proves nothing more. Much, too, of his reply is irrelivant. He drags up from the deep abyss of the past a geologic dog, and strives to make him subservient to his purpose. Did I not include him, too, in the creation? He strives to confound my setter with the dog in general. His pointer is neither of the geologic nor the ark dogs; but a mongrel. Whatever light his communication may contain, it is of too general a character, and is by no means specific. In his heading he proposes to give the history of the dog from the creation up to the present day. At the close of his voluminous communication, just where we expected to find the aforesaid history in nutshell' form, we undergo the mortifying disappointment of finding his dog supinely lying at the base of the Egyptian pyramids. Chronologically speaking this is a little indefinite. The present time, Jan. 19, 1877, the date of his communication, and the time of building the Egyptian pyramids are synonymous. This is curious history. With all due deference allow me to quote from the beginning of his last paragraph, two clauses, and ask, in all candor, what idea he wished to convey, viz: "This makes our history very simple; we lived wherever other people chose for us to live," etc. In the use of his definitive pronoun "other," he makes man and the canine family one and the same species. Genealogically this is a fact I never knew before. Perhaps the dog did assist in building the pyramids. I am sure I do not know. Which is it, the traditional or the otherwise? Give us his reply, to which I will not respond, as more urgent business claims my attention. H.

TO THE INTELLIGENT SPORTSMEN OF AMERICA.—Louisville, Ky., Feb. 11, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—At the present time the setter enjoys the exclusive patronage of the great majority of American sportsmen. As a consequence, the pointer is unpopular, and his unpopularity, they say, is only too well deserved. He wants speed, you know, and dash, and range, and courage, and endurance. He may be permitted to accompany the old fogy and his muzzle-loader; but for the enlightened sportsmen of to-day, the dog, and the only dog, is the omnipotent setter. But, Sirs, the pointer has still a few friends left. One of these now makes bold to address you on a subject that is dear to him. Think you then, that the pointer deserves the bad name which the headlong advocates of the setter have given him? Think you that the multitudinous charges made against him are borne out by fact and experience? His imperfections we have no wish to deny; but are not those of the setter just as many and as great? Superiority over the setter, we do not claim for him; but is he not *everything considered*, fully the equal of that silky-coated idol? His absolute fitness for every department of American sporting we ask you not to admit; but is there not in American sporting, a large and most important field of labor in which no other dog can fitly take the pointer's place? And is not the pointer, therefore, entitled to a far higher place than that altogether secondary one, to which for the present he is grudgingly admitted?

To your candor, gentlemen, we submit these few questions. To your ability and experience we look for an intelligent and impartial answer.

HANNIBAL.

BELLE.—Mr. Joseph E. Fisher's (Brooklyn) red Irish setter bitch Belle has whelped seven, sired by W. J. Bickerton's Gordon setter Pride of the Frontier. Five are dogs, of which three are black and tan and two red; the two bitches are red.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 5.]

Chicago Field.

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N. ROWE, (MOHAWK,) *Editor.* W. R. STEELE, *Business Manager*

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1877.

THE KENNEL REGISTER.

As is well known to our readers, when we established a kennel register it was with the intention that all dogs registered with us would be published in our paper and transferred *in extenso* into book form, which would be the second volume of Mr. Arnold Burges' Kennel Stud book. The *Forest and Stream* had also opened a kennel register. Several of the leading sportsmen regarded the prospect of two registers as likely to lead to confusion and defeat the object which such a book should accomplish.

A meeting of the officers of the National American Kennel Club was held in St. Louis early in April last, having for its object the advisability of the Kennel Club publishing the register. Recognizing the fact that if published by such a body it would best serve its object, we relinquished our intention and agreed to turn over, to the parties delegated by the club to receive them, all the pedigrees which might be received by us, reserving the right to, in the interim, publish them from time to time in the CHICAGO FIELD, with the dual purpose of keeping faith with those sending them, according to our annoucement to publish them free of charge, and that were there any attempts at fraud the same might be detected and exposed. Although Mr. Burges was not present, we, by our concession, virtually bound him not to publish the second volume of his book—which with a good grace he acquiesced in, sacrificing his individual interest for the public benefit.

This we supposed settled the question of the kennel register; and at the last annual meeting of the club in Aug., a committee of three, Messrs. Sterling, Burges and L. H. Smith were appointed to superintend the compiling of the register. We have awaited their order to deliver to them the pedigrees in our possession, but as yet have not received any. The *Forest and Stream* of last week contained a communication from Mr. Sterling of that committee, proposing that the *Forest and Stream* should abandon their register, and turn over the few pedigrees they have received to the Kennel Club, a proposition which does not meet the acquiescence of our cotemporary, but induces it to make the counter proposition that the Kennel Club should turn over its register to the publishers of the *Forest and Stream*. Truly a shrewd proposition. Now, while the editor of this paper it is true is the President of the National American Kennel Club, yet he wishes it distinctly understood that the CHICAGO FIELD is no more the organ of that association than of the National Trotting Association or the National Sportsmen's Association. We don't propose to grind out tunes to suit any individual association. This paper is the organ of the community at large interested in sporting matters. It is independent of individuals and associations. It knows no master but the public weal, and will always mete out justice to either friend or foe, denouncing the former, if deserved, as freely as it will extol the latter. This, therefore, to show our position.

What action the Club will take in the matter we do not know; one thing certain, the committee have not the authority to transfer the register to the *Forest and Stream*; did they, they would transcend the provisions of the resolution, which authorizes them to take such steps and incur such expense as necessary to compile the register, *but in no way are they authorized to transfer* the register to other parties. This we think Mr. Sterling recognizes in his letter when he says "it is my individual plan."

As to what charge the Kennel Club will make for registering pedigrees, we do not know; that the committee will decide as they think best; we have done our portion when we published them without charge.

But now for our position. The proposition of *Forest and Stream* is not to our liking, and will not meet with our consent, for it must be remembered that these pedigrees are our property yet, and remain so until the conditions under which we were to surrender them are to be verified. If, therefore the transfer is to be made to *Forest and Stream* we shall *most decidedly* not only refuse to give up our pedigrees, but shall immediately set Mr. Arnold Burges to work to arrange and compile them and publish the second volume of his Stud Book.

We are in favor of doing anything for the sake of harmony; but it must not be at a sacrifice of self-respect. We have published five hundred and sixty-eight pedigrees; and have some two hundred on hand which the demand on our columns has prevented us from publishing. The *Forest and Stream* has published about two hundred. Mr. Sterling is right "when he *reminds* the editor of *Forest and Stream* that the sportsmen of the country take no interest in quarrels between sporting papers in Kennel Club stud books or anything else." This is in substance what we told our cotemporary nearly a year ago when it expressed itself satisfied that sportsmen "would so view" the matter in its favor to send the majority of pedigrees to its register. The result has shown that we were right and that Mr. Sterling is also. Readers of a paper want news not wrangles; we recognized that fact, and gave them what they wanted, which explains the reason why they sent their pedigrees here. Would a proprietor of a hotel succeed who instead of a good meal served his quarrels and grievances to his guests? We think not. So then with a paper. But there are occasions when papers like individuals would be criminal to themselves to remain quiet and not assert their rights. To acquiesce would be stupid; to speak is the part of wisdom and self reservation. Our time has come on this subject, and we have spoken.

HORSE RACING AT FAIRS.

A Mr. Forbes has introduced into the New York legislature a bill which provides that no moneys appropriated by the State shall be paid to any agricultural society unless the application for said moneys is accompanied by an affidavit, from one of the officers of the society making it, that no premium or award of any kind for trials of speed between horses have been offered or paid by the society during the year for which such application is made.

The object of this is to discourage horse racing at fairs. Mr. Forbes doubtless belongs to that misguided and mistaken class of people who regard trials of speed from a gambling standpoint, entirely overlooking the great advantages directly and indirectly derived from them. But fanaticism possesses not the elements of common sense, nor is it ever guided by reason or justice; its ideas are narrow and contracted; it looks at one side only, never at the other; if invited to, it would turn aside its glance. It is not part of its creed to be open to conviction. The fanatic's self sufficiency is but equalled by his Phariseeism. Prejudice is his law; he who thinks not as he thinks is damned.

No sooner does one of this sect get into our legislative halls than he immediately becomes a moral reformer, and his first act is to in some way or other curtail or restrain the amusements of the people, believing that in this way he is doing both God and man service. By such men, contests for speed are looked upon as demoralizing in the extreme, laying the foundations of the future gambler, drunkard, and all the the way down the catalogue of crimes. The facts in the case do not warrant the assumption, but it is enough that the fanatical reformer so believes that in his opinion it should be the law of the land.

Utterly ignoring the fact that these contests of speed at agricultural fairs have both directly and indirectly increased the wealth of the farmers and breeders more than ten fold since inaugurated, the fanatic would suppress them because he and his believe not in them.

Fairs are supposed to be held for the enjoyment and mutual benefit of the agricultural community. By comparison and competition the farmer sees where he excels and where he is excelled; he becomes practically educated up to the science of breeding. He learns that in order to improve and breed a better quality of stock he must pay more attention to circumstances apparently trivial, but yet, as practically demonstrated, exercising a great influence on the progeny of the stock from which he would breed. To become a successful breeder he must be practical, and in no better way can he educate himself than by noting the results of the experiments of others. To breed good horses he wants to know that the stallion he would breed to, has with symmetry of form speed and stamina; for without stamina the horses he would breed would be of no practical value, and without speed would remunerate but inferiorily. Even more; he wants to know whether the stallion he would breed to transmits to his progeny his speed and staying qualities. How can this be done without tests of speed? The farmer and breeder has an exhibition of the various stallions and their get in his section; he can see their action, and their stamina tested. In the colt races he sees the test for supremacy transferred from sires to sons. Is this not of practical benefit? We think it is, and moreover that in no better way can the State advance the interests of agriculturalists and breeders than by developing the breeding and rearing of a better class of horses. It costs as much to raise an inferior colt as it does a well bred one, while the figures the latter will bring will exceed by hundreds those the former will realize.

There is no better evidence that farmers so regard tests of speed at fairs than that wherever they have been abolished the experiment has resulted disastrously financially. The ordinary exhibitions fail to be sufficiently attractive to draw them out. The charms of the best Durhams, Short Horns, Jerseys or Ayreshires, as also those of the best Merinos or Southdown sheep, and Berkshire pigs are but lightly regarded when the bell rings for the trials of speed. There will the crowd be found. With just as much sense might the State appropriation be refused to associations where plowing matches are permitted as contests of speed. We hope the bill will meet its just desert, and fanaticism, puritanism and bigotry be rebuked.

THE NEW RACING CIRCUIT.—The announcement in our last issue that efforts were being made to inaugurate a racing circuit, to comprise Cincinnati, Columbus, Cleveland, Buffalo, Rochester and Utica, has been received with favor by the directories of the associations in these several cities. A meeting of the Board of Stewards of the old Septilateral has been called by the chairman and took place at New York city on Feb. 14th, when the advisability of holding such series of running meetings during the Spring and early Summer was discussed. If a reasonable amount of money be added in purses the success of the circuit is assured beyond a doubt. The interest in the thoroughbred horse has become deep-rooted in the West. Our annual running meetings at Dexter Park has become a fixture, and they have proven not only brilliantly successful financially, but also in a racing point of view. Last year the attempt to introduce racing at Cincinnati was looked upon more in the light of an experiment; everything could not be expected to be achieved at one meeting, but the results were so eminently satisfactory to the management that the Queen City Jockey Club was instituted on an enduring basis. The introduction of steeplechasing at the last Dexter Park meeting was a success, but the trouble altogether too common in these races was experienced here. As a rule the courses are too much of the twisting and turning order to bring a contest down to a test of real merit between the horses. The associations will probably find it necessary to change these courses in some measure, so as to have longer stretches between the jumps, fewer and longer jumps, and fewer twists and turns

Recent advices portend the extension of the circuit beyond Utica. It has been intimated that the Hampden Park Association would decide to hold a race meeting this year in lieu of trotting, if the inducements from owners of race horses were sufficiently encouraging to indicate a successful meeting at Springfield. The time is propitious. The great masses are not be initiated into the sports of the turf all at once. Habit is a thing of gradual growth, and the confidence that we shall at no distant day see a general turnout, and vast numbers of people at the races, seems to be justified.

THE DOG LAW.—Our criticism of the dog law, introduced by Mr. Byers in the Illinois State Legislature, has excited to wrath the editor of the Sycamore *True Republican*. He is sorely exercised over the subject, and like many another fanatic loses his head, indulges in a tirade against dogs, and displays an ignorance of the subject in hand. Nor is this all; he misquotes us in our remarks of Mr. Byers. We said: "If he be the author of the bill, his constituents have made a mistake in not sending him to a hospital for hydrophobics"—not lunatics. But we are not surprised that the editor should have confounded the one with the author, since it is in keeping with his other remarks on the subject.

While the CHICAGO FIELD fails to find admiration for "the bold declaration that a dog is a nuisance and ought to be abated," it most emphatically denies that it "cares nothing for the damage dogs do." We are in favor of a sound dog law, imposing a good round tax on each dog, out of which farmers and others suffering depredations from dogs shall be reimbursed. By such a law the curs which do the harm, and which, by the way, are generally kept by farmers, would be legislated out of existence. But we are not in favor of a law which is neither dictated by common sense nor humanity, nor in keeping with this enlightened age; but on the contrary having cruelty as its characteristic element, and for its foundation blind prejudice, which is but traditional of the darker ages out of which we have merged, with the exception, however, of those who, like the editor of the *True Republican*, neither learn nor forget.

It is strange if the "thrifty farmer hates dogs" that so many farmers should keep them. We can not call to mind ever visiting a farmer's house without seeing a dog. There are either few thrifty farmers, or else the editor of the *True Republican*, in trying to steer his ill freighted bark (no pun intended) through the fog in which his ignorance of the subject has enveloped him, has struck a snag. Witness the farmers coming into town and behind every wagon you will see a dog—dogs of every color and of every breed—curs which do the harm in the sheepfold that sportsmen's dogs get blamed for.

The fact stated by the editor of the *True Republican* that "dog laws enough have been introduced into the Springfield Legislature to pave that whole city from the monument to the State House," and "that they have not succeeded," positively controverts the prophecy of the editor that this law "will be sustained by the whole people;" for we don't believe the "city dandy legislators and sporting men" preponderate in the legislature.

We fully believe a dog law which would rid the community of the outcasts of dog society, homeless brutes which among dogs represent the lower strata of human beings, would be generally recognized as an advantage; but such a law to be of practical benefit and to be generally sustained must be in keeping with humanity, not cruelty; and founded on common sense and justice, and not the emanation of blind prejudice—a statutory travesty on our civilization.

THE MICHIGAN CIRCUIT.—The Board of Stewards of the Michigan Trotting Circuit met on Feb. 13th at Grand Rapids. The following associations were represented: Detroit, Grand Rapids, Muskegon, Jackson and Kalamazoo. The following dates were determined on for the holding of the several meetings of the circuit: Muskegon, June 5th, 6th and 7th; Kalamazoo, June 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th; Grand Rapids, June 19th, 20th, 21st and 22d; Jackson, June 26th, 27th, 28th and 29th; Detroit, July 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th. Entries for the several meetings close as follows: Muskegon and Kalamazoo, May 30th; Grand Rapids, Jackson and Detroit, June 4th. Muskegon will offer $2,800 in purses; Grand Rapids, $7,000; Jackson, $8,000; and Detroit, $8,000. East Saginaw which has already claimed July 17th and the succeeding four days for the holding of its meeting, adheres to the original purpose and will conduct an independent meeting.

PRESENTED.—Mr. F. A. Howe the President of the Tolleston Club was married Thursday evening of last week, when the members of the club availed themselves of the opportunity to present him with a handsome set of silver, consisting of a salver and seven other pieces manufactured by C. D. Peacock, corner of State and Washington streets, this city. There never was a present more deserved, as there is no member to whom the club owes its existence so much as to Mr. Howe. In its dark hours he took hold of it and made it what it is, one of if not the most desirable club for a sportsman to belong to.

Amusements.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.—Miss Maggie Mitchell has concluded a most satisfactory engagement at this theatre, playing in "Jane Eyre" through the week, with the exception of her benefit night, when she played "Becky Mix." There have been few more successful engagements in this city during the past season, and Miss Mitchell is to be congratulated upon reaping an abundant harvest of applause from the generally immovable audiences of our city that try the courage of such artists as may appear before them. Miss Lettie Allen will appear in "Crabbed Age" next week.

HAVERLEY'S THEATRE.—Janauschek, the only thorough mistress of the tragic art now amongst us, fairly carried away her audiences with the fervor and abandon of her acting which was especially noteworthy in her rendition of Deborah in the play of that name. Her mastery of the English language is becoming greater, and consequently that descent from the sublime of tragic action to the ridiculous of false diction is now less probable than ever. Mrs. Oates, the charming burlesque actress and singer, will appear in this theatre next week with her comic opera troupe.

ADELPHI.—"Stars may come and stars may go, but we run on forever," is the managerial song of this house of entertainment; the passions are not stirred by a Janauschek or an Effie Ellsler, but the soul is tickled to a happy mood by the variety, and, withal, excellence of the fun.

WOOD'S MUSEUM.—Under the Gaslight, a great sensational drama of the true museum type, has been holding the boards with the usual success of this house.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The extended varieties and low, popular prices of this house, keep it well filled.

STAR LECTURE COURSE.—This admirable course of amusements has during the past week been the means of giving to Chicago audiences a taste of that electric power which Henry Ward Beecher has over his hearers. His last lecture will be delivered at McCormick's Hall this (Saturday) evening. Those who want even standing room must get there early.

COLISEUM.—This house is keeping up to its original standard in very good style, and is not at all amiss for those who wish to court the muses in conjunction with tobacco and beer.

Game and Shooting.

Camp Life Memories.—Bear Tracks vs. Mutiny.

BY JOHN J. BROMPTON.

PART VI.

Written for the CHICAGO FIELD.

In the preceding chapter I left our party in the dining hall of the Hotel de Mike McConnell—I had it Pat which is an error.

After supper we had pipes, euchre and yarns. McConnell told us that only a few days since a man, who was engaged in chopping for him, carried his dinner to the woods and and deposited it on a log not far from his work. About noon the chopper went to get his dinner; it was not there. "A great baste of a bear, that made thracks as big as any bare-foot nager, had been too smahrt for him, an' don't ye think the oogly image ate ivery sthiver of the man's grub, 'batin' an onion. An' whin Dinnis coom—I forgot to tell ye his name is Dinnis McCarthney—an' whin he coom home for the noight, he says, says he:

"An' Mike?

"Yis, Dinnis."

"An' don't ye think it was mesilf as was in loock the day?"

"An' how was ye loocky, Dinnis?"

An' thin he tould me about the oogly, thavin bast.

"An' if it hadn't a been for the loonch," said Dinnis, "there'd a been nothin' but the boots o' me lift!"

We were on the road early in the morning. The rain fall had ceased, but the road was still in bad condition for a wagon as heavily loaded as was ours, and we found it necessary to relay the horses by walking and riding by turns. Nawth Kelinar, Durfee, Turkey Frank and Vermyount were already several hundred yards in advance when I took my seat on the iron-bound trunk, and the driver grasping the reins, clucked to his horses, flourished his whip, and the on-to-the-Sturgeon was resumed.

A swollen pall of fog obscured the sky, added to the depressing dreariness of the burnt forest, through which for a few miles more we had yet to pass ere we got beyond the fire-belt of '71, and on the whole, the outlook was not flattering. To be candid, I anticipated nothing. I was prepared to receive an overture to stop and go into camp so soon as we reached green woods and running water. Our knowledge of the Sturgeon, though it was very flattering, was, at best, second-handed. Every huntsman knows how unreliable is that class of information. Resident hunters are, generally, jealous of "outsiders" and reticent as to the habitats of their favorite game, and the one wish nearest their hearts is to get an intruder, as they regard "outsiders" out of their preserves. And when we stop to think of it, we cannot find it in our hearts to blame them. Theirs is a life of hardship and privation, and a little recreation now and then with rod or gun, makes up all that is bright in their lives; the remainder of their life-pursuits, "when," as Billings says, "you take the romancks and poeckry out'n it, has nothin' left but hard knocks and short craps."

As I have intimated, things had rather an inauspicious look and I was in a frame of mind bordering on the unhappy, when, looking up the road, I saw our vanguard grouped and looking intently at something on the ground, and gesticulating in an animated manner which betokened the discovery of something of unusual interest. Durfee cut a hazel switch and peeling the bark from a portion of it, he waved it toward us, then thrust it in the ground. I acknowledged the signal with a wave of my old weather-beaten *sombrero*. On our arrival at the hazel signal we saw that they had discovered a recent bear trail which had been made since the rain. The bear, which was a large one, had kept in the road for a half-mile or more, and, before leaving the road it had been joined by a brace of cubs.

The green woods and the bear tracks dissipated the last symptom of mutiny.

From thence to Kirby's Sturgeon farm we were called on to observe a deer trail every half-mile at first, then between every hollow. I remembered that we saw where a herd of eleven deer had crossed the road during the morning; it was near a pleasant little trout brook, which, I think, is called Hay creek. Turkey Frank, pointing to a romantic spot overarched by "tall and sombrous pines," where the charming brook sweeps with a graceful curve around the face of a gentle knoll, said: "What a splendid place to camp!" It was indeed a lovely spot—the clear waters of the brook reflected a gay brush cranberry, whose branches drooped beneath their loads of scarlet berries. Its ice-cold current sang a tell-tale song of trout pools which had never yet reflected angler's rod; of mossy banks seldom pressed by huntsman's feet, and of run-ways rarely ambushed by human foe. Nawth Kelinar and Turkey Frank looked wistfully at the fairy camping ground; I wavered, but Durfee, whose eyes are closely set to an aquiline nose—a facial physique well understood by physiognomists—shortened not his long-reaching strides, and to the interrogation points reflected by each of our eyes, he answered only this: "The Sturgeon or bust!" So by night fall we were at the Kirby, Carpenter & Co.'s Sturgeon River farm, where we were well received and cared for. Between us and the Falls fifteen miles now intervened. Mr. Henderson, the manager of the farm, had just returned from a day with the deer. He informed us that he had seen twenty-four deer.

"How many did you hang up?" Durfee inquired:

"I killed three that I know of, and hit two more—one of them pretty hard."

Then it was a refreshing sight to see hope holding high carnival about the corners of Nawth Kelinar's mouth.

"We'll kill 'dead loads' o' deer when we get to the Sturgeon," he said to Turkey Frank, *soto voce*.

"O, yes! and I just feel it in my boots somebody, whose eyes are not a whit browner'n mine 'll kill a bear," said Frank in the same undertone.

"And you only hung three?" queried Durfee in a disappointed tone which, when interpreted, was equivalent to saying: "If I'd been there the story might have been different."

"Well, Sir, we count it a pretty fair day's score in these woods; it may be different in your country," said Mr. Henderson. "He's a little green in the business," whispered Nawth Kelinar, addressing himself to Turkey Frank. "Look at his clumsy old single-barrel; if he 'd had a double gun he might 'a' got twenty of 'em—don't you reckon?"

"He'd 'a' done better I should think," said Frank.

And a countless herd of deer roamed amid the pleasant valleys of their imaginations.

I could not find it in my heart to chill the ardor of their hopes. No, I mentally soliloquized, let them dream on; let them bask in the genial enchantment of an over-wrought fancy. Experience, the grim old marplot, will batter down their air-castles all too soon. A few snaps, a few broadside shots without blood or hair, will rectify their arithmetic in due time.

We were on the road early in the morning. We passed an Indian camp in the forenoon but I cannot recall the locality; the camp was composed of two braves, three squaws, two speckled ponies, and a nice covered spanker.

One of the Indians, a bright, sharp-looking half-breed, who is a famous hunter, and whose English name is Tucker, came out to greet us as we were passing. We stopped to talk with him about the game prospects. "Is there much 'sign' here?" asked Durfee.

"There was a damn heap o' sign about a week ago; not much now." We visited this French-Indian's wigwam, where we were treated to some excellent venison ham. One of the squaws, a maiden of eighteen Summers, with "hair as black as the raven's wing," eyes as black as the goddess of Night's; red lips, pearly teeth, bewitching feet, faultless bust, the grace of a fawn and unexceptionable hands, but, alas! high cheek bones, heavy jaws, wide mouth and a retreating forehead, was unanimously voted pretty—with the above exceptions.

Tucker and his coadjutator had in two or three weeks killed twenty-three deer, one bear and two wolves. As we returned to the wagon he accompanied us that far, and leaning over the side of the wagon bed, he inventoried what he saw within. I think the four great iron-bound trunks struck his "untutored mind" with mingled amazement and contempt. But at the "little brown jug" he gazed long and wistfully, then with a furtive glance at me which seemed to say: "I appeal to any white man to say if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not"—a little hunk o' meat?

The mute appeal fell on a heart which was not of adamant, therefore it softened; neither was it ice, hence it melted. The *scoto uabo* (firewater) should flow and Lo should have a glad heart. But, alas, for good intentions, and alas for our thirsty red brother; in clambering in and out of the wagon, that precious little brown jug had served as a stepping stone, and the cork was as tight and immovable as the pressure of 175 pounds could make it, and to this day I weep over a lost opportunity to have made a fellow man's burden sit lightly on his shoulders for a few brief moments. My conscience smites me when I take a retrospective glance at the unpardonable indifference to the happiness of others of which I must have been guilty, else the particular place where my cork screw had been deposited, would not have faded from memory like a dissolving view. It was tantalizing. There was the brown jug and good intentions on one hand, my red brother and his aching void on the other. I tried to think of some velvety words or honeyed phrase by which to communicate the sad fact that, while there was *scoto uabo* in the little brown jug, I "couldn't get a drop out save my sowl"—all for the want of a blasted corkscrew. The often quoted lines of my brother Quaker, John G. Whittier,

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen
Saddest of these, it might have been!"

stood poised on the tip of my tongue ready to leap into vocal sounds; but what if the untutored Lo should take it that, the *pen* referred to, was some kind of a *pen* in to which to inveigle a wolf or bear to destruction!

The *genius loci* kindly suggested a way out of the difficulty; I placed the hermetically sealed vessel, which contained the panacea for snake bites and aching voids, in the hands of Lo, saying; "Draw! drink! drown your sorrows!"

When he had wrestled long and vigorously, yet vainly, with the contumacious cork, he replaced it in the wagon, muttering something which had the sound of, kinny-me-koki scoto-uabo me none!

Not being able to comprehend him, I essayed to read the revelations of his face; it seemed to say, "thou art so near, and yet so far!"

For a brief moment the Pale Face and his Red Brother stood *vis a vis*, each the personificaction of thwarted good intentions, when, once more, a happy thought came to the former.

"Come up and see us," I said, as the driver clucked at his horses, and the turning wheels began to grind in the sand; "*we'll save some of it for you*," I added, and half the gloom flitted from his lately sorrowing face. Yet there lingered about it a painful doubt which seemed to say: "Six men! only one little brown jug! and white man mighty uncertain! ugh!" He never came; therefore I think the general uncertainty of white men was the cause, and the only cause.

A few miles beyond Tucker's we passed a camp occupied by four gentlemen from Chicago, each of whom had a Chippewa Indian for a guide. Their manner of hunting is unique; each man is accompanied by a guide who serves all, and more than all, the purposes of a pointer or setter. The Indian goes before and the white man follows so closely that, as Lo lifts a foot he puts his own in the track. Lo is expected to *point* the game, therefore he carries no gun. When a deer is killed, Lo dresses and hangs it or carries it to camp as desired.

This method of still-hunting has all the merits of the good old practice of putting salt on their tails with this advantage: You have some one "to gut and carry."

It may be interesting to some of the readers of the CHICAGO FIELD to know how French blood was first introduced into aboriginal veins in the Lake Superior country. More than two centuries ago, Daumont de St. Lusson acting under the orders of Jean Talon, Intendant of Canada, invited all the Indian tribes of this region to meet him at the rapids of Sault St. Marie. At the appointed time fourteen tribes or their representatives, convened at the designated rendezvous to hear the "good words" of their French brethren. St. Lusson, with his handful of followers, dressed in splendid uniform, were here to receive them. A rude cross, bearing the arms of France, was erected with solemn pomp and circumstance, when St. Lusson, with his sword in his hand, delivered the following cut-and-dried speech which, in the light of the present, sounds painfully Don Quixotic: "In the name of the Most High, Mighty and Redoubted Monarch, Louis, Fourteenth of that name, Most Christian King of France and of Navarre, I take possession of this place 'Sainte Marie du Saut, as also of Lakes Huron and Superior, the islands and all countries, rivers, lakes and streams contiguous and adjacent thereunto; both those which have been discovered *and those which may be discovered hereafter*, in all their length and breadth, bounded on the one side by the seas of the North and of the West, and on the other by the South Sea," etc., etc.

Of this grand ceremony, Parkman speaks thus: "What now remains of the sovereignty thus pompously proclaimed? Now and then the accents of France on the lips of some straggling boatman or vagabond half-breed; this, and nothing more."

About the same time the French Jesuits established missions at Mackinac, Green Bay, and various other places. Then came the fur traders—those ubiquitous wood-rangers—from whom the half-breeds are, largely, descendants; and, by the aid of the Indians and their bark canoes, they visited all the tribes drained by the St. Lawrence.

Of this vast Empire, once claimed by France, Uncle Sam now holds the lion's share, and, as to future ownership of the residue, we all do know that—

A grab is always handy
To Yankee Doodle Dandy.*
And when his legs are stronger,
His arms a little longer,
We know he'll be hell-bent
To grab this Continent—

by absorption or purchase, of course; not by conquest, for never since we have been a people has the chain which binds us to the mother country been stronger and more perfect in all its links. All irritating disputes touching territorial boundaries have been settled on terms more favorable to us than to them. The Alabama claims have been honorably adjusted, while the Treaty of Washington guarantees the free navigation of the St. Lawrence forever.

Grand Old England! let the glory of Waterloo and Trafalgar rest on her banners! For centuries her soil has not been pressed by the feet of foreign foes; she has made her mark on modern civilization which coming years cannot efface. For centuries she has sung—

"Britania rules the wave;"

and, in the fullness of time, after the mother shall have lost her voice, her daughter, substituting Columbia for Britania, may sing the same proud old song.

What of Bonaparte? He stood on the shore of the English Channel, made faces and shook his fist at the "Nation of shop keepers" over the way and told them how—to use an expressive Yankee phrase—he could make an everlasting smash of them, if they would only withdraw their ugly men of war and let him cross over! Verily, "there *is* but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous." Why, I could catch a kangaroo—if it would not avail itself of its hind legs. England has earned her laurels, therefore let her wear them. While we are young and vigorous and aggressive and progressive, England may be compared to an elderly gentleman, who pleased with the success of early manhood, is disposed to rest on the achievements of the past, Nations, like men, have their fighting days. America is a muscular lad; England is an elderly gentleman

We arrived about 2 P. M. within ear shot of the Falls of the Sturgeon river, which is one of the most fascinating spots in America for the huntsman's lodge, and by evening we were comfortably domiciled in a vacated logging shanty, within hearing of the voice of the Falls.

* NOTE.—Yankee Doodle inherited the propensity to grab real estate from "that old red head land pirate," William the Conquerorr.

QUAIL TRAP SHOOTING.—Baltimore, Jan. 25, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—Thanks due, Sir, for your article in last Saturday's issue upon "Quail trap shooting." Press on in your good work, and do not refrain from your severest censure upon a practice so utterly incompatible with the idea of a sportsman "*pur sang*." I make no pretensions to being one of the great sporting community. I have no prize dogs, no premium Scott, no patent coat, vest, shoes, or other paraphernalia in use at present. I have no time to give to trap shooting, and would in any moderate company be esteemed a "poor shot." Still I am extremely fond of every thing appertaining to such noble, mind-restoring pursuit, and it cuts one to the core to have men, guilty of such ignoble practices, called sportsmen. I am very glad to believe that not only does a true sportsman shrink from such a thing, and am convinced that but few who shoot pigeons from the trap are at heart "thoroughbreds."

I do not make any invidious distinctions saying this, and feel confident that the genuine sportsmen who do shoot from the trap do so only at the solicitation of some misguided friend, and even then they feel thoroughly ashamed when their day's lazy, wasteful slaughter is over, and thus become "clothed and in their right minds."

We have had but one instance, thank God, in this vicinity of quail trap shooting, and that was perpetrated by men utterly unknown to sporting fame, and I don't think it will soon be repeated.

I feel convinced that where such an outrage on sport, to say nothing of good taste, sense and manly consideration for poorer brethren, is fully exposed to the view of those who hitherto have given the subject but careless, if any, attention, they will feel convinced that what I say is not too severe.

Your genuine sportsman is he who loves the fresh-scented crispy air of heaven, the gorgeous tints of Autumn, the exhilaration of seeing his own bred and trained dogs puzzle out their birds, and his satisfaction when they are bagged, and he is not the man to go, without a qualm, to a trap and blaze at a bird, who, cooped up for days and so frightened that he neither tastes food or water, springs feebly from his box, and gives the gunmaker business. Some gunmakers are much to blame for the encouragement they give to anything causing a sale of their wares; but "good men and true" should avoid such, as they would a carouse the night before an expected "big day." Such men are the worst enemies a sportsman has. But, thank heaven! there are few such; once exposed, their pernicious counsels will have no effect upon all with the true nature of sportsmen.

Buckle down, my good Sir, to your work and put a finishing touch upon all such outrages in their incipiency. Nay, pardon my lengthy letter, and believe me always yours in the good work heart and soul. VIDETTE.

TO SPORTSMEN—*Editor Chicago Field:*—The Chicago Academy of Sciences has already secured a large and interesting representation of the birds of this vicinity. It desires to make this collection as complete as possible, that it may show not merely genera and species, but every variety which may result from difference of sex, age and season. To this end it earnestly solicits the co-operation of all sportsmen.

Specimens which gentlemen may choose to send to the academy, notable for excellence, or for variety in plumage, or for other cause—except some of the commoner species—will be thankfully received, carefully prepared, and duly acknowledged. Even should there happen to be a supply of mounted birds of any species in our cases, good skins are always useful, enabling the academy to secure valuable material from other parts of the world.

Eggs and nests are also desired, particularly if they are known to belong to the bird accompanying them.

Respectfully, E. H. PEABODY, Sec'y.

ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, 253 Wabash Avenue,
CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 10, 1877.

Hunting Anecdotes.

BY BOB H. C.

It has been raining with a continuous down-pour all day, and I have been sitting by the fire, going over in fancy, scenes and incidents of my somewhat adventurous life. Among others, one, I think, may perhaps interest your readers and I give it to you with the assurance that it is no "fancy sketch."

You must know that my home is near the White river bottom in Arkansas; that said bottom is a dense cane brake with here and there an open glade; that twenty years ago, when I first settled here this bottom abounded with game of every variety, including the bear, panther, deer, wild cat, wild turkey, etc. That though much hunted, yet, thanks to the impenetrable jungles of vine and cane in which they breed and to which they retreat for safety, there is paying sport for the hunter. For twenty years this bottom has been the "happy hunting ground" of your correspondent. Now for my story.

On a cold, frosty morning in the Winter of 1859, I took down my rifle, cleaned and loaded her, and rode into the bottom to kill a deer. I left my hounds at home, as they were apt to run the deer into the cane before I could get a shot. We only use them to hunt with in the hills. Taking an open glade I followed it about a mile along the skirts of the cane without getting a shot; saw several deer, but out of range. Coming into an open spot where the sun shone pleasantly, I stopped to thaw myself out. I had sat upon my horse for some minutes enjoying the warmth of the sun, when happening to look up I discovered a turkey perched on a limb, near the top of a tall gum, and without dismounting I threw up my rifle and fired. At the crack of the gun my turkey sailed out over the cane about a hundred yards, then whirled over and fell near a large swamp oak. I felt sure that it was dead, but how to get it out of the cane was the trouble. I was tempted to give it up, but finally concluded that it was worth an effort, though I can tell you, Doctor, crawling and cutting your way into a cane-brake is no child's play. I knew that there was always open ground under the swamp white oak, which grows very large, with wide spreading branches that shade out the cane. I thought if I could cut my way to the tree near which my turkey had fallen I would be sure to find it. So, dismounting, I turned old "Charlie" loose to brouse, set my rifle against a tree, hung my bullet pouch on a limb, tightened the belt around my buck-skin hunting shirt, drew my knife and started into the cane. Crawling and cutting I slowly worked my way in the direction of the tree, the top of which I could see; and after twenty or thirty minutes hard work I reached the ends of the lower limbs, and, as I expected, found comparatively little cane under the tree. Straightening myself up, I looked for my turkey and soon discovered it lying on the far side of the open space, with expanded wings, dead. I was in the act of stepping into the circle when I was startled by a low growl. Certain that I had stumbled on a bear, and that being unarmed, "discretion was the better part of valor," I was about to retreat when something, I know not what, caused me to glance into the tree, and there upon the lowest limb, not fifteen feet from me, crouched an enormous panther. I dared not move, but stood under the influence of a terrible fascination, gazing into the very eyes of the fearful beast. I saw his hind feet moving slowly up under his body and his fore feet drawing back, and I felt that he was gathering himself for a spring. I knew that the slightest movement on my part would precipitate matters, so I stood perfectly still awaiting my doom with a kind of apathy. One thinks and reasons with wonderful rapidity in moments of peril, and I ran over mentally all that I had heard or read of the panther's habits. I had been told by old hunters that he was a shy animal, afraid of man, and not apt to attack one unless pressed by hunger or badly wounded. But there before me was the infernal beast, and I knew from his blazing eyes, the twitching of his black muzzle, and the uneasy twisting of his long tail, that his spring was an affair of seconds. I thought of the knife, which I held in my hand as a weapon of defense, but dismissed the idea, feeling certain that the weight of his body when launched upon me would crush me senseless. Then came thoughts of my wife and children—what they would think when night should come without my return—when, hark! "yelp;" again and closer, "yelp;" louder, "yelp, yelp, yelp;" and now close behind me, "yelp, yelp, yelp!" Ah, thank God! I dared not look behind me, but well knew what it was. At the first yelp I saw the panther extend himself and crouch closer to the limb, and as the barking came nearer he laid his head down, drawing his short round ears close to the scull. Of course you anticipate the explanation. One of my young hounds, missing me at home, had taken my horse's trail and followed me into the bottom until reaching the place where I had dismounted had tracked me into the cane. On reaching me he stopped a second, whining and wagging his tail, then dashed into the open space and finding the dead turkey began, puppy-like, to bark at it. I had kept my eyes on the panther and saw that he was watching the dog and that now was my time to retreat. As quietly as possible I began to draw back until I felt myself beyond the reach of his spring, then made my way out as rapidly as possible. Snatching up my rifle I reloaded, and began to feel my courage rise again. could hear the puppy still barking at the turkey and knew that the panther would keep his position as long as he could remain concealed from the dog and with his attention attracted to it I might get near enough for a shot without much danger. Entering the path I had made I crawled along until, fortunately, when within thirty-five or forty paces of the tree, I came to a large log, lying a few feet to my right. Climbing on this and standing up I had a fair view of my panther lying close to the limb, just as I had left him. Waiting a few seconds to recover my breath and steady my nerves I began to think as to where I had best aim to make a dead shot. I knew my old rifle would plant her ball wherever I held her, and under ordinary circumstances I had every confidence in my own skill. He was lying nearly broadside to me, and deciding to try for his heart I raised my rifle and carefully aiming about three inches back of his shoulder and as near the centre of his body as I could hold her I touched the trigger. Of course I expected to see him leap out at the report of the gun, even with a death wound, but to my dismay he lay unmoved and apparently untouched. Hurriedly reloading, and wondering the while how I could possibly have missed an object so large and at such short range, I capped my gun and was in the act of raising her for another shot when I saw his hindquarters slowly swing to the far side of the limb and then the whole body slide off and fall with a heavy thud to the ground.

My puppy gave a yelp of fright and an instant after came dashing hrough the cane with back bristling and tail between his legs. I kept my position on the log and with my gun cocked stood at a ready for some minutes, but hearing nothing I concluded to venture in. So getting back into my path I crept cautiously along, with gun cocked and muzzle well to the front, until I reached the place where I had first caught sight of the beast, then raising myself erect I peeped through the cane and saw him stretched out dead.

I soon stood over him and found him to be a male of the largest size. I was greatly excited and tried to yell, but the attempt was a failure and sounded like a young cock's first crow. I called and whistled for my dog, (a young hound some six or eight months old), he came into the circle but no amount of coaxing could get him near the panther. After indulging my feeling of triumph for a while, I decided to return home for help, so picking up my turkey I worked my way out and mounting old Charley started. When nearly to the highlands an old buck bounded out from a small greenbriar thicket and running about seventy-five yards, stopped and looked back to see what had frightened him. I was ready for him, and at the report of the rifle he "swapped ends." I had broken his neck. Stopping only long enough to reload and cut the deer's throat, I hurried on. Reaching home I called Jack, a favorite servant, who was my cook, hostler etc., in all my camp hunts. He was a good shot too for I always permitted him to use one of my guns, and have seen him tumble many a deer. He stuck to me through the war and died a year after its close, with his hand in mine, faithful to the last. Poor Jack! he was with me in many a hunt and in many a place of peril and was ever willing to risk his own life to save "Mars' Bob" from injury. He was my slave, but under his black skin beat a heart so loyal and true to his master that I think it no shame to my manhood that my eyes grow dim with tears as I pass this brief tribute to his memory; poor Jack!

But to my story.

"Jack, I've killed the devil."

"Has you, Mars' Bob! thank de Lord. Whar he?"

"Down in the cane."

"Le's skin um, Mars' Bob."

"All right, saddle your mule and be in a hurry."

Jack was soon ready, and starting back we reached the deer and found it as I had left it. To take out the entrails and swing it by the horns in the fork of a sappling was the work of but few minutes, and we pushed on to the panther. Of course, nothing had interfered with him, for he was terrible even in death. With Jack's assistance I soon had his skin off, and upon examination I found that the ball had torn its way through the upper portion of his heart. He measured seven feet nine inches from tip to tip—end of muzzle to end of tail. My father killed one in Obion bottom, Tennessee, many years ago, which measured nine feet from tip to tip.

Need I tell you that Rock, the hound whose opportune arrival I verily believe saved my life, was ever afterward the pet of the kennel. That he lived to a good old age, and when dead. was carefully coffined in a goods-box and buried with affectionate regret.

There are panthers in the White river bottom yet, and their wild screams are occasionally heard at night by camp-hunters, but they are rarely seen.

Well, the rain is over and my story is ended; and with best wishes for the CHICAGO FIELD and its readers.

CROCKETT'S BLUFF, Ark., Jan. 18, 1877.

Game Prospects in Iowa.

DES MOINES, IOWA, Jan. 30.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—The Winter here was all that could be desired for the prevention of trapping quail and grouse, until the 15th. When old Boreas came down upon us like a "wolf on the fold," and for two days he roared and raved and piled the earth with snow and then suddenly left us to the tender mercies of old Jack Frost whose icy hand kept the mercury at from 5 to 30 deg. below for about ten days and then as suddenly lost his grasp, so that to-day the snow is all gone, the water is running down the gutters, and the mud is several inches deep. And now comes accounts from all parts of the country of immense bags of game made by the guileless granger during the cold snap. One man reports hundreds of grouse caught in his corn field, another tells of trapped quail being so plentiful that the breasts are saved and salted down, the balance being thrown away. Station agents along the line of the railway whisper of great quantities of poultry with the feathers on, being shipped to Eastern markets. Farmers boys brag of slashing shots made at flocks of chickens on corn cribs or coveys of quail in fence corners; and even some of our city sportsmen help to swell the slaughter as you may hear occasionally such scraps of of conversation as these. "B. Let us try the quail tomorrow; this snow should make excellent shooting." "I'm agreeable; we had better leave the dogs at home or they will spoil all all our ground shots." Or something like this: "I wish you could see my pointer bitch work. I killed 22 quails over her yesterday" and again" " I bought four dozen quails of a farmer yeiterday; he brought them in the back way in a grain sack.' And all this in direct violation of law which forbids trapping at any time, and killing after Jan. 1. It is of course very interesting to those who kill their game at proper seasons and in a sportsmanlike manner, and their only consolation is that at no distant day these selfish, short-sighted individuals, will see their folly and regret their part in this war of extermination, which is rapidly making the game in this country so scarce.

If there is no further heavy fall of snow there will probably be a fair showing for grouse, but the quail have suffered severely and without the most favorable conditions through the breeding season will be as scarce as for the past two years.

SCHNEIDER.

SHOOTING NOTES FROM ELWOOD.—Elwood, Ind., Jan. 30, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field.*—J. A., of Middlebury, Ind., saws we would like a law to protect quails for two years. If our present quail law was enforced we would have good quail shooting. Were every season a good breeding one, and the winter should be severe, quail would perish, and at the expiration of the two years would not be any more plenty. In some parts of Indiana quails are about all we have to shoot, and we would not like to be entirely deprived of that privilege. Our shooting season is now closed. Quails being plenty the season that has passed we had excellent shooting. There was not as much hunting in this locality as in former years. After inquiry I fail to hear of a single quail frozen to death.

Two of our citizens were out hunting recently, and found some animal; they did not know what it was. After repeated shooting, and pounding it over the head with the butts of their guns, they succeeded in killing it; they carried it to town, thinking that they had some strange animal. Imagine their surprise when it proved to be some granger's yellow dog.

WING SHOT.

GUTHRIE NOTES.—Guthrie, Ill., Feb. 10, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—Sporting items are very scarce hereabouts at present; the cold, bad weather keeps everybody housed up, and only for the weekly visit of the CHICAGO FIELD, and the favorite setter or pointer who has to be cared for, one would almost forget there ever was a time when dogs could run with comfort, or the master step beyond the threshold without a goodly wrapping of furs and mittens the warmest.

We have had it very cold since Winter began, but in one way, at least, have been blessed above our neighbors. The heavy snow storms which have prevailed thoughout portions of the country during the past two weeks, and which have destroyed hundreds of our pet game birds, the quails, have generously passed us by; there has not snow enough fallen in this locality to make good sleighing, certainly not enough to smother the birds. I went out this afternoon and found my two pet bevies all right; I left a good supply of grain. Others I trust are doing as well.

The appeal of "Homo" to sportsmen throughout the country, is well-timed, and will, I trust, meet with a hearty response. We must care for the little beauties during their season of trouble, the winter months, and protect them the best we can or else spare regrets when they have left our fields and cover forever.

I notice in the last CHICAGO FIELD that some sports in Indiana have had such a delightful time shooting at quails from a trap that they propose continuing the practice. Well, perhaps it is all right, over the line, and none of my funeral, that I should say aught against it, but I am truly glad your correspondent has signed himself correctly—Sport—as he should. There is a vast difference between a "sport" and a sportsman; with the former, it may be the correct thing to shoot at quails from a trap, just as it is to patronize cock-pits and the prize ring; but with the latter, never. No true sportsman would be guilty of the acts; and I hope "Sober Sam," or some one residing nearer, will try and convince "Sport" and his companions of the evil of their practice, and if possible induce them to so act that in the future they may have the right to sign themselves men and sportsmen—a name by far the most respectable.

PHŒNIX.

BELLEVILLE NOTES.—Belleville, Ill., Jan. 20, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—In compliance with your request to in your last issue to be informed how the quails have fared during the late heavy snows, I will inform you of their condition in my neighborhood. On Saturday, the 17th inst., the snow commenced falling at about 2 o'clock and fell the rest of the day and part of the night. On Monday the country was covered to the depth of about four inches, which is quite a heavy snow for this latitude; the day was quite pleasant, however, and the sun came out bright and warm and before the following Wednesday the snow had disappeared in large patches, and a few days later had disappeared entirely, except where protected by timber or fence corners. The weather has been warm since, and we do not expect to have any more snow worth mentioning this Winter. Quails have been very numerous this Fall, more so than for many years, and in spite of the large bags that were made during the open season, numbers were left over to breed. If the Spring be not too wet, I expect they will be still more numerous next Fall, for I do not think they have suffered at all during the late snow. While at Fayetteville (in this county) a few weeks ago, one of the citizens made his appearance with three brace of quails, which he had shot. I called his attention to the fact that the 1st of January had passed, and asked him if he had ever read the game law, and when I explained to him that he had laid himself liable to a fine, seemed astonished, I quoted the law to several bystanders, and I hope that they have been sufficiently impressed to refrain from violating the game law hareafter. I was greatly pleased with your condemnation of the practice of shooting quails from traps, and for my part, I also accept the explanation made by Mr. Martin as to how he was engaged in it, as sufficient.

DODGE.

COUNCIL BLUFF NOTES.—Council Bluffs, Iowa, Feb. 9, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field:* We have elected our officers for the current year, as follows: President, J. C. Hoffmayr; Vice President, B. F. Montgomery; Treasurer, J. T. Oliver; Secretary, J. C. Morgan. A new feature has been adopted in relation to our semi-annual side hunts, viz: All members of the Club desiring to participate to go in a body to the grounds selected, where they will camp out, and choose sides on the grounds. It is thought this will conduce largely to the pleasures of the occasions, and add very materially to their interests. This is a new step on the "slope," and if found successfull we are anticipating many hunts of this character during the open season.

Considerable interest is being manifested here in the matter of dogs. Some are preparing for the purahase of genuine "blue bloods," and ere many months the "Initial City" will boast of as fine blood as any in the West.

The hunting season—ducks, geese and "jack snipe"—is being awaited for with anxiety. The mild weather, of which we are having a long and very pleasant visitation, is ominous of fine shooting, and many sportsmen are preparing for it.

We want to see some of you sportsmen in this section during one good shooting season. We think they would express themselves, after the hunt, as being well repaid for their time and trouble. Yours truly, XX.

THE MICHIGAN STATE CONVENTION.—Lansing, Mich., Feb. 9, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—The Michigan sportsmen held a convention at this place on the 7th and 8th. The following named representatives were present: *Monroe*—Joseph Guior, J. H. Redfield, Lucien B. Miller (Redfield is a Senator and Miller a Representative). *Detroit*—J. S. Dewey, E. H. Gillman, John E. Long, Wm. C. Colburn, C. Lincoln. *Adrian*—C. Woolcot *Bay City*—D. H. Fitzhugh. *Lansing*—E. F. Cooley, A. H. Whitehead, L. Hudson, F. Tracy, S. L. Smith, J. S. Tooker. *Grand Rapids*—A. B. Turner, A. G. Holt. *Battle Creek*—E. C. Nichols. *Kalamazoo*—S. S. Cobb (State Railroad Commissioner). *Richland*—Eli R. Miller (State Fish Commissioner). *Sault St. Marie.*—Geo. W. Brown. The object of the meeting was to frame bills for new laws for the preservation of game and fish, in accordance with the Governor's recommendation, and for the more practicable regulation of hunting and fishing. The new bills presented to the Legislature are such as will no doubt, if passed, bring about the result so anxiously wished for by the true sportsmen of the State. The meeting was a harmonious one and much good is expected from the deliberations of the gentlemen present. W. C. Colburn, of Detroit, was President of the meeting; A. J. Holt of Grand Rapids, Secretary, and E. F. Cooley of Lansing, Assistant Secretary.

DOC.

Rifle.

Irish Rifle Association.

Some little light may be thrown on the subject of the International rifle match for this year by a condensed account of the meeting of the Irish Rifle Association, at Dublin, on January 22d, when Major Leech first read a letter from the Secretary of our N. R. A., embodying a request for ideas as to a change in the programme for the contest of the International trophy now held by the American team. Major Leech had embodied this letter in a private circular and points out that "the present distances being 800, 900, and 1,000 yards, I think the 800 yards is not a sufficient test either of the marksman's skill or the qualities of rifle, and might be omitted with advantage; the match might then be shot at 900 and 1,000 yards, viz: 20 shots at the former and 25 at the latter distance. If a third range be desirable, 1,100 yards might be added, and thus each man have still 15 shots at each distance.

It appears undesirable to have such a match shot at a range which is the practice range of one of the competing teams. In America ample accommodation could be had elsewhere than at Creedmoor.

Finally it is desirable to arrive as soon as possible at some determination as to whether a team from Ireland should proceed to America in 1877 to accept the challenge offered annually by the Americans for the championship of the world, and in such an event would you form one of the team? Team shooting has now been reduced to a specialty, and I believe the chance of winning such a match may be calculated with a greater nicety than heretofore. Team shooting on the principle I refer to, and which I will take the liberty of describing at a future time, ought to be practiced frequently at preliminary competitions.

Again, if a sufficient number of first-class shots do not come forward to justify the acceptance by Ireland of the American challenge in 1877 would you think it advisable to withdraw from the match for the present, or to unite with England and Scotland in sending out a United Kingdom team, with equal representation? If you are in favor of the laster course, it is to be borne in mind that we can scarcely ever hope to have the trophy shot for in Ireland, and that this World's Rifle Match, which originated in Ireland, will thus be transferred to Wimbledon."

The answer received to this seemed to point to Ireland being able to send a team over this year, and that it is generally recognized by Irish marksmen that an Irish team should contend for the trophy since the original match was inaugurated by the Irish in 1874. Major Leech suggested that Americans might be invited to visit Ireland and take part in the annual contest of the Association in June next.

Mr. John Kelly proposed some alterations in rule 1 and rule 9. Rule 1 enacted that the teams to compete in America should consist of eight. He proposed that six be the requisite number. He considered the alteration necessary on account of the difficulty which was found in getting men together to go so far as America. Rule 9 was in reference to the range on which the match was to be shot; and he now proposed to add the words, "always provided that the place decided on is a neutral range." Every shooting man knew the advantage of shooting over a range known to him, and he thought this addendum only fair. He moved that the executive committee of the National Association of America be requested to alter its rules in the respect he had pointed out.

In conclusion Mr. John Rigby said he should be sorry if the Centennial International Rifle match were to swallow up the Irish-American match, which had suggested the former. In 1874 it was decided by so small a difference that it might almost be called a tie. In 1875 the Irish team had been well beaten, but in the last match, 1876, they only lost by eleven points, and if the rules in relation to the scoring had been the same as in 1874, the Irish team would have won by five points. He now proposed that not a challenge, but an invitation, be forwarded to the Amateur Rifle Club of New York, asking them to send a team to Ireland in the summer of 1877, to shoot the fourth Irish-American match.

Meeting of the N. R. A.

The annual meeting of the National Rifle Association was held in New York on Feb. 5th.

After disposing of routine busines the following standing committees for the present year were appointed:—

Executive Committee—Hon. N. P. Stanton, Colonel George W. Wingate, Mr. George S. Schermerhorn, General D. D. Wylie, (*ex-officio*), Major General Alexander Shaler, Major General T. S. Dakin, Judge H. A. Gildersleeve, General W. G. Ward (elected).

Range Committee—Colonel George W. Wingate, Colonel George D. Scott, Captain J. G. Story.

Finance Committee—Hon. D. W. Judd, Mr. E. H. Sanford, General W. G. Ward.

Prize Committee—Colonel John Ward, Captain William C. Casey, Major Joseph Holland.

At the suggestion of General Woodward it was

Resolved, That the secretary be instructed to communicate with the proper persons representing riflemen in each State of the Union, inviting them to participate in the inter-State matches to be shot at Creedmoor at the next Fall meeting.

Also, That the Executive Committee be directed to prepare the terms and conditions of such matches.

Gen. Wylie, the treasurer, reported the sum which he had received from Gen. McMahon, his predecessor in office, to be $1,152.30; he disbursed altogether since coming into office the sum of $220.44, leaving $931.86 now in the treasury.

A good deal of interest was manifested by the meeting as to the proper steps which should be taken with regard to the international long-range matches that are expected to take place next Fall. Some members of the Board believed that, as America had been so uniformly successful hitherto, it would, perhaps, be thought *mal apropos* for American riflemen to send out a challenge. Others said that it would be eminently proper for foreign riflemen to understand that America is ready now, as heretofore, to meet in friendly rivalry the champion riflemen of other lands. Gen. Dakin, who is in correspondence with Mr. Metford, the London gunmaker, was understood to say that he would like to aid in bringing about a meeting between the British "United Kingdom" team and the Americans. Mr. Sanford thought that after the experience which was had last year the best thing the Association could do in this direction would be to let an "imperial team" alone. Col. George W. Wingate offered a resolution which had for its object that of taking measures for the purpose of fixing the conditions upon which the great International trophy match would be contested this year, and also to extend invitations to foreign teams who might be desirous of entering the lists against America. Mr. Schermerhorn stated that the National Rifle Association had received no communication either from Major Leech on behalf of the Irish riflemen, or from any other foreign rifle club touching the subject of an International match this year.

RIFLE AT BAY VIEW.—The third contest for the cup offered by the California Powder Company to the California Rifle Association for competition took place at Bay View range on January 27, and H. C. Smith carried off the honors with the highest score yet made in the match—41 points out of a possible 50. The cup must be won three times by the same person before it passes into his possession. Captain Burns shot the best score at the two previous contests, but his good fortune failed on this occasion. Following is the score:

H. C. Smith	4 3 3 4 5 5 4 4 4 5—41
J. Robertson	3 3 0 3 5 5 3 3 4 5—34
Joseph W. Maher	4 3 3 4 5 3 3 0 3 5—33
E. Bartlett	4 3 5 4 3 3 5 3 4 0—33
C. P. Le Breton	4 4 4 2 0 5 4 2 5 3—33
C. E. Burgans	5 2 3 0 2 0 3 5 5 5—30
H. J. Burns	0 3 2 4 0 5 4 4 5 3—30
William Snow	4 4 4 4 5 0 3 5 0 0—29
R. C. Hanson	0 0 3 5 4 2 2 5 0 0—21
Charles Nash	0 0 0 2 0 3 3 0 4 5—17

Frank G. Edwards, John S. Deibert and A. G. Fitzpatrick, after firing several rounds, withdrew from the contest. The day was a good one for shooting, although the target was somewhat obscured by a haze for a greater portion of the time.

RIFLE AT MILWAUKEE.—On Friday, February 9th, the Milwaukee Rifle Club met in goodly numbers, and made the following very fine score at their 200 yard range, off-hand:

Fielding	4 4 4 4 4 5 4 5 5 4—43
Welles	4 4 3 4 4 5 4 4 4 4—40
Yale	4 4 4 4 3 4 4 4 4 4—39
Munier	3 4 4 4 4 3 4 4 3 4—37
C. T. Hawley	3 4 4 4 3 3 4 4 3 4—36
Turner	5 4 3 3 4 3 3 2 4 4—35
Johnston	4 3 3 4 3 5 4 3 2 3—34
Bangs	3 3 4 2 3 4 3 4 3 2—33
Allison	3 3 3 4 3 3 4 2 4 3—32

The weather was fine and wind light, and the members seemed fully alive to the importance of careful and studied practice. By the way, what has become of the Dearborn Rifle Club of Chicago? I think that is the name. BLUE JAY.

VAIL NOTES.—Vail, Iowa, Feb. 8, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—Sporting news is scarce here; quails and chickens wintered finely and are plenty; noticed a few flocks of ducks and geese this week. J. W. S.

Answers to Correspondents.

KENNEL.

M. E. B., Batavia.—My pointer seems to be going blind. I think he first got some straw from his bed in his eyes, as I noticed one morning about a week since that it looked watery and inflamed. The flow has continued without cessation, and now the pupil of the eye is covered with a bluish white film. Is there any cure for it? Ans.—It is not probable from your description that there is anything more than temporary trouble resulting from the pressure of a foreign substance in the eye, or irritation caused from such having been there. First examine the eye carefully, pulling the lids away from the ball and remove anything you find in it. If there is nothing then bathe the eye two or three times a day with an astringent wash of sulphate of zinc six grains, distilled water two ounces. As soon as the flowing of tears subsides, if the film remains, blow into the eye twice a day by means of a quill or small tube, a small quantity of powdered white sugar.

D. R. S., Peoria.—I have a setter that was badly bitten by a strange dog about a week since; do you think there is any danger of hydrophobia, and what would you advise me to do for him? Ans.—If the dog that bit yours was healthy, no permanent harm will result from the wounds. It is now too late to do anything for the dog in the way of preventing hydrophobia, as the poison, if there was any, has been taken up already by the system. If you think there is any danger you had better keep the dog closely and safely confined for a time, and destroy him if any of the hydrophobia symptoms appear.

J. H., Hastings.—I have a pup whelped August 18, which I think has the distemper. What shall I do for him? Ans.—If the pup shows no signs of lung complication give three times a day one of the following pills. Ext. belladonna, three grains, nitre, two scruples; ext. gentian, two drachms; powdered quassia a sufficiency. Make into twenty-four pills. Keep the dog in a comfortable but not hot place, with good bed and plenty of water. If much weakened support his strength by frequent small doses of good beef tea, or an egg raw with a teaspoonful of port wine.

F. H. B., Tuscola.—I have a fine pointer which froze his tail at the tip during the cold weather. It does not heal and bleeds constantly, so that his flanks are marked by bloody lines where his tail strikes them. I would cut off the frozen portion if it would not ruin him for exhibition. How is this, or is there any way to cure it? Ans.—Try an application of carbolic salve, to be got at any drug store. Cutting off the tip will not affect the dog's show qualities, as the rule against mutilation is not enforced in this particular in this country.

G. W. T., Utica.—I have a red Irish bitch and bred her to a dog said to be pure blood but there was in the litter one black and one red and white pup, is this not a proof that the dog has a cross in him? Ans.—It is certainly proof that one of the parents is not purely bred, unless the bitch has been bred before and has thrown back to that. If all is right as to previous and present influences, the fault is in the blood.

READER, Ashtabula.—What will cure a dog of the jerks? He has had them for nearly a year since getting over the distemper. Ans. The disease has assumed a chronic form in your case, and is probably incurable. The only thing that will do any good is nourishing food, exercise and a course of tonics; for the latter give twice a day one grain of bromide of potass, continuing the treatment for a month at least.

C. E., Oconomowoc.—What are the early symptoms of distemper? I have a young pup that I think is coming down with it. Ans.—Generally dullness, with slight fever and loss of appetite, sometimes also a slight dry cough. When the disease is established the white of the eyes are covered with bright red spots, there is rapid loss of flesh and nearly always a discharge from the eyes and nose.

J. N. S., Mansfield.—I have a dog with long soft coat, black and white long ears and long hair on his tail and hind legs. He stands about twenty-five inches high and is three years old. Can you tell me what kind of dog he is and if he is pure bred? Ans.—From your discription the dog is probably a setter, but it is impossible to form any opinion of his breeding from what you give.

B. A. P., Addison.—My pup is infected with lice. What can I do for him? Ans.—Make a strong decoction of quassia chips, and bathe him two or three times with it.

VETERINARY.

O. P. C., Pueblo, Col.—I have a fine five year old stallion that is lame behind in his right leg; I think it is in the hock. I had him out driving a few days ago; he felt very well and wanted to go, so I let him out a little and he slipped off from a stone or something and went lame, and kept getting worse as we went to the stable. I could not find anything wrong, but next morning his hock was swollen some and was very sore and hot and he could hardly touch it to the floor; I bathed it with a liniment of high wines, gum camphor and tincture of cantharides, which is making it very sore. Will you please tell me what you think is the matter and what is best to do for it? Ans.—It is evidently a sprain of the hock caused by losing his foothold as you describe. Your application of so highly stimulating a liniment to an inflamed part was hardly the best treatment and caused a great deal of extra pain. The best treatment in such a case is 1st, either cold or hot water, we prefer the latter, diligently applied for a considerable length of time to allay the active inflamation before applying any liniment whatever; after this is accomplished a stimulating liniment may be used; the one you used is a little too harsh, a better one is made of tincture of arnica tincture of opium, spirits of camphor, of each one ounce, oil of turpentine and liquor ammonia of each one-half ounce and water to make one pint; foment the part well with hot water, rub it dry and apply a little of the liniment twice a day with the hand. Give him absolute rest and laxative diet.

O. E. C., Lawrence, Mich.—In reading the veterinary department of your paper of Dec. 2d, 1876, headed "Sequels to the Epizootic-Roaring"—I find that it applies to a case I have in one of my own horses and wish to get your opinion as to the treatment under the following circumstances: He is a young horse, and was taken with what I called old-fashioned "horse-distemper" last September; after recovering he was turned out days and taken up nights. About ten days ago I hitched him and found on driving him at a rapid gait he roars similarly to a wind-broken horse; it does not seem to affect his breathing—in other words it does not distress him in any way, but I dislike to hear the roarings. What shall I do for him? Ans.—In all probability the roaring depends upon a chronic thickening and irritable condition of the mucous membrane of the larynx resulting from the distemper you spoke of. Roaring is rarely curable, but being of so short duration in your case it may yield to the following treatment. Make a blister as follows—take of pulverized cantharides two drachms, lard one ounce, mix; and biniodide of mercury one drachm, lard one ounce, mix, and then mix the two together and apply with a good deal of friction to each side of the throat; the above is enough for one application; repeat after a couple of weeks, and still again if necessary; dampen everything he eats and feed on laxative food.

P. L., Paris, Ill.—Will you please tell me what to do for a horse that is hide bound; he is ten years old, has always been very healthy till this winter; we keep him in a comfortable stable and he gets plenty to eat, but he does not thrive, but looks rough and is dull; his hair is all staring, and his excrement does not appear to be well chewed and smells bad. Ans. The horse is suffering with derangement of the digestive organs caused probably by defective mastication of the food. Horses of that age are often troubled with their molar teeth, the edges, the outer ones of the upper rows and the inner of the lower, become so sharp by use as to scarify the cheeks and tongue rendering mastication very painful and the bolting of the food a necessity. Hold the mouth open with a bolting iron and rasp off the sharp edges of the molars with with a rasp that has a concave filing surface, then give him a laxative composed of five drachms of Barbadoes aloes, ginger and gentian, of each one drachm, made up in a ball with molasses or soft soap. After a couple of days commence a tonic course. Take of pulverized gentian and cinchona bark, of each one drachm, nitrate of potash half a drachm and digitalis twenty grains; mix and give as one dose in the feed; repeat it night and morning for about three weeks. Give him an entire change of food and regular exercise and plenty of grooming

D. T., Jackson, Mich.—Will you kindly say what is the best remedy for colic—something that we can keep in the stable to use when we need it, as two of our horses have the colic occasionally? Ans.—It is hard to say what is the best remedy without knowing the cause of the disorder, for the treatment in many cases depends a great deal upon the nature of the cause. The quickest and most effectual way of allaying the pain is to give two ounces each of tincture of opium and spirits of nitrous ether. After the pain is allayed, endeavor if possible to find the cause and remove it. After a couple of days, if there is no passage from the bowels, give him a pint of raw linseed oil.

P. W., Lexington, Ky.—Will you please tell me through your veterinary correspondence if stringhalt is returnable in case of sale when horse is guaranteed sound? The seller maintains that it is not unsound, and refuses to take the horse back. Ans.—Yes, it is most decidedly returnable.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Morris, Ill.—Please give me the date of the Heenan and Sayers' fight in England. Ans.—April 17, 1860.

S. M., Sycamore.—Is the Fox gun sold in Chicago; if so, where. If not, where can it be obtained. Ans.—It is not sold in Chicago. We do not know where it can be obtained.

G., Detroit.—1st. A and B are partners in a four hand game of euchre. A deals and B "assists;" can A play his hand alone? 2d. When an opponent of the dealer orders the latter to take up the trump, can the partner of the player who gives the order, play alone? Ans.—1st. No. 2d. No.

Checkers.

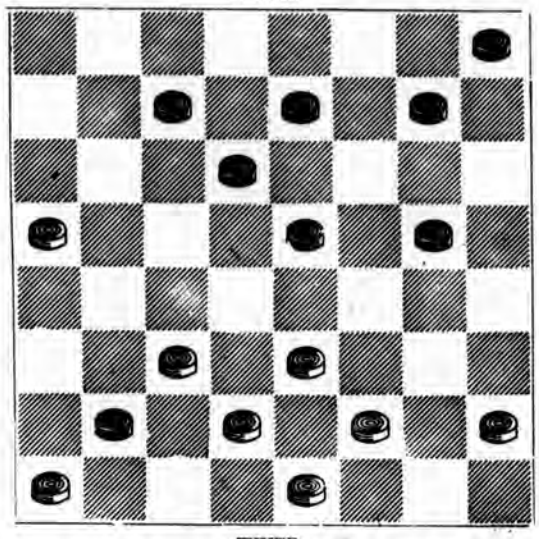
O. D. ORVIS, EDITOR.

We have all the standard checker books for sale at publishers prices. Address DRAUGHT EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD, P.O. Box 215, Chicago.

PLAYERS' DIRECTORY.—Checker Club rooms, 186 Clark street, Athenæum, 63 and 65 Washington street. Dr. Hatheway's, cor. Madison Street and Western Ave.

POSITION No. 76.—BY H. D. LYMAN, WASHINGTON, D. C.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and win.

SOLUTION TO POSITION No. 75.

17-22	29-25	13-17	5- 1	5-14	30-26
18-15	24-20	14-18	23-18	17-10	24-19
29-25	25-22	17-13	1- 6	21-25	26-31
14- 9	1- 6	18-22	18-14	10-15	19-15
13- 6	22-17	13- 9	6- 1	25-30	31-26
15-11	6-10	30-26	14- 9	20-16	15-18
8-15	17-13	9- 5	1- 5	12-19	26-31
19- 1	10-14	26-23	22-17	15-14	18-22

White wins.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JAMES J. DYER.—Will send you price list of books by mail.

W. E. TRUAX.—Your wishes shall be attended to. Blank diagrams forwarded.

ROBERT MARTINS.—Received safely. Thanks.

ROBERT MCCALL, Glasgow, Scotland.—We shall take pleasure in complying with your expressed wishes, and you have our warmest thanks for your substantial kindness. We regret that the numerous calls for back numbers of the CHICAGO FIELD'S draught column have completely exhausted our limited supply.

CHECKER INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Robert Martins will soon leave the Buffalo players alone to revel in the sweet reflection of their self-imposed solitude, while he proceeds to a temporary sojourn among the checker brethren in New York City, where he is promised that liberal support, encouragement and sympathy which he so justly merits.

A checker column has made its appearance in the *Chicago Sunday Tribune* under the editorship of Mr. O. D. Orvis, assisted in the problem and game department by our noted Western problem composer and analyzer, Mr. Charlie Hefter.

Mr. Thos. Phelan, of New York city, has promised to resuscitate the "Am. Checker Player," and christen its new life with the nomenclature "*Phelan's Checker Player*," which will, like its predecessor, be devoted exclusively to the game of checkers. It will not be sold through newsdealers, and can be only obtained by addressing Thos. Phelan & Bro., 510 W. 57th street, New York. The time of the first issue is fixed for March 1st, and the price 25 cents per number. Success to the enterprise.

Mr. C. Freeman, aged 19 years, is the probable winner of first prix and championship in the Providence tournament.

We shall probably have to acknowledge that we were mistaken in our opinion of a black win after that 18-15 move in Single Corner. The more we look into it the more we are convinced that it is a draw. We were in hopes that the published play would bring forward an analysis from several of our correspondents, but at present Mr. Janvier's is the only play received. Mr. Wyllie gave us his unqualified statement that black could *win* by the line of play pointed out by us in a recent issue of the CHICAGO FIELD, and even now, in the light of all the analyses brought to our notice, we are not satisfied that Mr. Wyllie's expressed opinion is not sound.—ED.

Mr. W. E. Truax, champion of Minnesota, recently played another match of six games with Mr. Dave Willard, at Brainard, Minn., with the usual result:

Truax.....3 Willard.....0 Drawn.....3 Total.....6 games.

After the match Mr. Willard pointed out how he might have won one of the drawn games. Mr. Truax has promised to make us a visit soon and give us a touch of his wonderful skill over the magic squares, and as he has not been beaten a single sitting in nearly three years, we shall expect to see our local players fall an easy victim to his superior strength of play.

Mr. A. E. Morse, of Janesville, Wis., is now engaged in playing 26 games by postal card with the following gentlemen: P. N. Suter, Milwaukee, Wis.; Nelson Holmes, Whitewater, Wis.; J. H. Robinson, Atlanta, Ga.; H. V. Shattuck, Townsend, Mass.; J. E. Brooks, Biddeford, Me.; Geo. S. Embree, Indianola, Iowa; G. P. Dafton, Trenton, N. J.; Mr. Walsh, Fond du Lac, Wis.

GAME No. 169.—"OLD FOURTEENTH."

Played at Terre Haute, Ind., between Messrs. Harry Owens and W. H. Fisk, in the Prairie City draught tourney.

FISK'S MOVE.

11-15	23-14	10-17	22-17	18-27	8- 3
23-19	6- 9 (*a*)	21-14	13-22	15- 8	27-23
8-11	32-27 (*b*)	7-10	26-17	27-32	20-16
22-17	9-25	14- 7	9-14	26-22	63-18
4- 8	29-22	3-10	17-13	32-27	3- 7 (*c*)
25-29	11-15	30-25	2- 6	24-20	18-15
9-13	27-23	5- 9	31-26	14-18	7- 3
27-23	8-11	25-21	15-18	22-15	19-23
15-18	17-14	1- 5	19-15	10-19	3- 7

Fisk wins.

NOTES BY THE EDITOR.

(*a*) The A. D. P. plays 11 15 here and draws.

(*b*) We think 30-25 preferable, as white thereby gains a clear piece and a winning position.

(*c*) 16-11 must draw.

GAME No. 170.—OLD FOURTEENTH.

Played between W. H. Thompson and our correspondent A. E. Morse, of Janesville, Wis.

THOMPSON'S MOVE.

11-15	11-16	3- 8	11-15	32-27	26-30
33-19	20-11	16-12	19-16	6- 9	6- 2
8-11	7-16	8-11	15-18	14-18	31-26
22-17	26-22 (*a*)	26-23	24-19	9-14	14-10
4- 8	16-20	18-22	26-23	27-23	23-27
17-13	32-28	25-18	19-15	13- 9	16-12
14-18	2- 7	15-22	23-32	22-26	27-31
24-20	30-26	12- 8	8- 3	10- 7	7- 2
11-15	5- 9	22-26	10-19	26-31	19-23
28-24	19-16	23-19	3- 1	21-17	12- 8
8-11	12-19	26-31	18-22	18-22	Morse
26-23	23-16	8- 4	17-10	9- 6	won.
9-14	1- 5	31-26	9-14	22-26	
31-26	29-17	4- 8	1- 6	17-13	

(*a*) The A. D. P. shows a black win here as follows.—ED.

26-22	21-17	23-14	27-11	30-23	25-22
3- 7	14-21	16-23	10-26	7-16	16-19

Black wins

Base Ball.

Base Ball Notes.

NATIONAL AMATEUR ASSOCIATION.—The Secretary of the National Association of Amateur Base Ball Players, addresses the following letter to the amateur clubs.

NEW YORK, Feb. 1, 1877.

GENTLEMEN:—The annual meeting of the Association will be held at Cooper Institute, room 24, situated on Eighth street, between Third and Fourth avenues, in the city of New York, on Wednesday, March 14, 1877, at four o'clock in the afternoon.

You are respectfully requested to send, previous to day of meeting, to the Secretary *pro tem.*, duly authenticated credentials of the delegates from your club, together with annual dues.

Legitimate Amateur Clubs are welcome to membership, and none but such will receive recognition in the convention.

An earnest appeal is made to all Amateur Clubs for their presence and co opperation, and, thereby, assistance in carrying out the object to improve, foster and perpetuate the American National Game of Base Ball.

Respectfully Yours, M. J. DILLON,
Secretary *pro tem.*, New Rochelle, N. Y.
JOHN G. H. MYERS, President.

The Philadelphia *Item* says: "There is a project now on foot to organize an entirely new club in this city on a firm basis that will properly represent the city during the coming campaign. The nine will be selected from McBride, Fisler, Reach, Sensenderfer, Meyerle and Fulmer, of old-time Athletic celebrity, with Eggler, Hall and Coons, who, although of latter days, are equally well known as honest Athletic players; Weaver and Bennett, considered by some the best pitcher and catcher outside the league, and two well-known collegians who formerly figured as the best amateurs of their day. This will form a remarkably strong combination of fielding and batting talent, and can be thoroughly depended upon to use their utmost efforts to win every game they engage in regardless of the pool selling element that exerted such a demoralizing effect in former days."

Anent our article on the amateur base ball player, the Chicago *Tribune*, not satisfied with the role of "pater premature," aspires to play the prophet, and says: "The amateur, however, is fading off the face of the earth, and it will not be long before a specimen 21 years of age will be extinct." We do not quite see how the *specimen* will be *extinct;* but we take it to mean that before long the race of amateurs will become so extinguished that a specimen over 21 years of age *will be hard to find.* If we are incorrect in our translation our cotemporary will please correct us; but if we have rightly interpreted his vaticination, let us be known to say that we class the oracle with the "prophets of Baal." Are there not amateur oarsmen and athletes? Is base ball such a corrupting game that any player must per force become imbued with the desire of putting himself up for sale to the highest bidder?

Walsh, who figured prominently as an umpire in league games last year, takes charge of the Memphis team, which is as follows: Kennedy, of Brooklyn, N. Y., c.; Burkalow, of the Paris Mutuals, p.; Walker, 1 b.; Shoupe, of the Covington Stars, 2 b.; Brookshaw, of the Louisville Olympics, 3 b.; Cummins, of the Covington Stars, s. s.; Moore, of Brooklyn, N. Y., l. f.; Loftus, of the St. Louis Reds, c. f.; Maloney, r. f. and change pitcher.

The Maple Leaf nine of Guelph will be as follows this year: Scott Hastings, c.; Sullivan, of Detroit, p.; Lapham, 1st b.; Gillespie, 2d b.; Dixon, of Taunton, 3d b.; Welsh, s s.; T. Smith, of Illion, l. f.; W. Smith, c. f. and change p.; Hotaling, r. f. and change c.

The Red Caps of St. Paul, who have already a strong team engaged, are looking after Scott Hastings for catcher. He is a first-class, honest worker, but it is not likely he will play in the States at all, as he is engaged for alien gold to the Maple Leaf Club, of Guelph, Canada.

It is said that the Louisvilles have secured the services of Lafferty, who played against them last year on one occasion as pitcher for the Athletics. His pitching resulted in three safe hits, and he is looked upon as a likely reserve.

The Boston *Herald* speaking of a Philadelphia team says: "All that Philadelphia needs is to shake off the influence of the pool-room and adopt the principles of honest dealing." So be it.

The Milwaukee base ball club and the Red Caps of St. Paul have accepted the league alliance "half loaf," and any players they now have are secure from absorption into league clubs.

Clack, of last year's Cincinnati team, will play with the Crickets of Binghampton, New York.

The Indianapolis Club has become a league-alliancer.

Rowing.

Cornell is badly treated; Yale flatly refused to row a match under any consideration, and Harvard, to whom a similar challenge, as that to Yale, was sent, has agreed, but with provisos. The challenge must not be given contingent on any other race, the stipulations as to degrees are to be made like those at present existing between Yale and Harvard, and time, place and distance are to be at Harvard's election. Cornell must be "spoiling for a fight" indeed, if she will accept such terms.

W. B. Curtis in his last article under the head of Aquatic Surgery in the *New York Sportsman* demonstrates to his own satisfaction, if not to the satisfaction of "bold, bad Britishers" that American amateur oarsmen are not away behind Englishmen of the same kind, and further says: "An eight-oared crew, from such names as Courtney, Kennedy, Montgomery, Killorin, Dusseau, Gorman, Rodgers, Eustis, Ostrom, Dunbar, Kellogg, and King, with four-oared crews, pair-oared crews, and double and single sculliers selected from this eight-oared crew and substitutes, could go to England and —— I am afraid to say what I think they could do, but no man can say what they could not do toward securing for American amateur rowing that recognition from the world to which it is entitled by its actual excellence."

Athletics.

Athletic Notes.

James Owens who upset McLaughlin whilst in Boston awhile ago is not game to tackle the champion again, but has covered the $250 forfeit placed in the hands of Frank Queen, of New York, by Jacob Martin, of Ypsilanti, Mich. Martin will throw him if we mistake not. The match is to be for $500 a side

McLaughlin and John Cavanagh, of Vermont, have signed articles for a square hold match to take place in Utica, New York, on Feb. 20th, $500 a side *and the gate.*

It is highly probable that Bauer and McLaughlin will have a match of a mixed nature—square hold and Græco-Romen combined, or Græcu-Roman with tripping.

It is said that Murnan and Morrill, of the Boston base-ball club, are doing their mile in the gymnasium at Boston—29 laps to the mile—in six minutes; this is good going.

WANTS AND EXCHANGES.

ADVERTISEMENTS under this head (excepting Kennel advertisements, which must go under their proper department) inserted for Three Cents for each word. The money must be sent with the advertisement.

SAND HILL CRANES.—Wanted one or two tame Sand Hill Cranes. Address, stating price, SAND HILL CRANE, care CHICAGO FIELD. 7-1-tf

FOR SALE.—The CHICAGO FIELD every Friday morning by W. PHILLIPS, Bookseller, Stationer and News Dealer, 101 Madison St., Chicago.

WANTED.—A breech-loading SHOT-GUN, in good condition, weighing 9 or 10 pounds, 10 bore. For $50. Address, Lock Box 34, Sycamore, Ill. 7-1-2t

TO EXCHANGE.—I will exchange a new BUGGY for a pair of well-bred setter PUPS—field trial or red Irish prefered. Address, B. HOLMES, Guthrie, Ill. 1t*

FOR SALE.—Remington Creedmoor Rifle for want of use. Has been used but little. In perfect order. Price, $75. Address, CREEDMOOR, CHICAGO FIELD Office. 6-13-tf

CANVAS BACK DECOYS.—Similar to those used on the Chesapeake and Potomac Thoroughly painted and weighted. Only $7 per dozen. Address, C. L. VALENTINE, Janesville, Wis. 6-26-3m*

TO EXCHANGE.—I will trade a native or imported, broken or unbroken SPORTING DOG—pointer, setter or spaniel—for a nice little double-barrelled SHOT-GUN, for my boy 10 years old. Address, JESSE SHERWOOD, Edina, Mo. 6-25-2t*

THE PIGEON STARTER.—The Pigeon Starter and Mechanical Cat, for Trap Shooting, is sure to drive unwilling birds to wing when the trap is pulled. Price, $5, C. O. D. Address, DR. H. A. ROSENTHAL, 5 Gates Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. 6-23-tf

TO EXCHANGE.—I will exchange a dark liver SETTER, with white toes and throat, by Ed. Halsey's Nimrod out of my imported bitch Josephine, a good worker in the field, for a 10 or 12 bore breech-loading shot gun. Address, CHAS. E. TOPPING, West Hampton, Long Island. 6-13-tf

CAPITALIST WANTED.—A good judge of stock, steady and reliable, with large and intimate connections among the best breeders of North of England and Scotland, wishes a capitalist to back him in importing well-bred stock, dogs, etc. Address, R. F., care Robert Hume, Richmond, Va. 7-1-2t

YOU WANT THE SPORTSMEN'S RECORD.—I am having many applications for this admirable little Memorandum book. Send in your names. It is just the thing every sportsman wants, for at any time he can look back and give the particulars of a day's bag. Price, 50 cents. Address, A. H. HORNSBY, this office. 6-15-tf

FOR SALE.—I offer my gun known as the "Gilded Age." I guarantee it to be the finest, closest and hardest shooting gun in the United States; the finest trap or duck gun that ever came to this country. Weight 10 lbs.; 10 bore. The gun is well known by trap shooters, and needs no recommendation. Address, C. JEFF CLARK, 210 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo. 6-17-tf

NEW BOOKS FOR SALE.—Will allow 15 to 20 per cent. discount from usual rates if any number is desired. Frank Forester's "Field Sports," "American Game in its Seasons," "Complete Manual," "Fish and Fishing," "The Dead Shot," "Dog and Gun," "The Dog," "Crack Shot," etc. For full particulars, send stamp to F. E. POND, Westfield, Marquette Co., Wis. 6-13-tf

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100 TO 175 Miles the Shortest Route to

Memphis, Vicksburg, Mobile and New Orleans,

and the only route running Sleeping Cars from Chicago to New Orleans without change.

The Shortest route to Arkansas and Texas.

The only route running Through Trains to Galena, Dubuque, Waterloo, Ackley, Ft. Dodge and Sioux City.

The Shortest route to Yankton and the Black Hills Gold Fields.

A Direct route to Springfield, Decatur, Terre Haute and Evansville.

Drawing Room Sleeping Cars run from Chicago to St. Louis, Cairo, New Orleans, Peoria, Keokuk, Hannibal and Dubuque, and from Freeport to Sioux City.

To Sportsmen: This Line affords a wide range of country well Stocked with Game. Dogs carried free.

Ticket Offices—121 Randolph St., Central Depot foot of Lake St., Depot foot of Twenty-Second St.

W. P. JOHNSON, Gen'l Pass. Ag't. J. F. TUCKER, Gen'l Sup't. 6-24-tf

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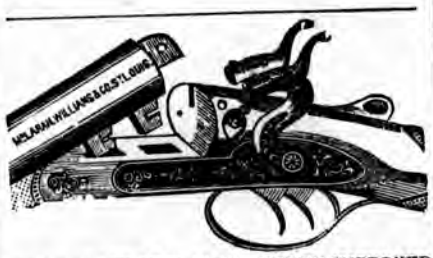

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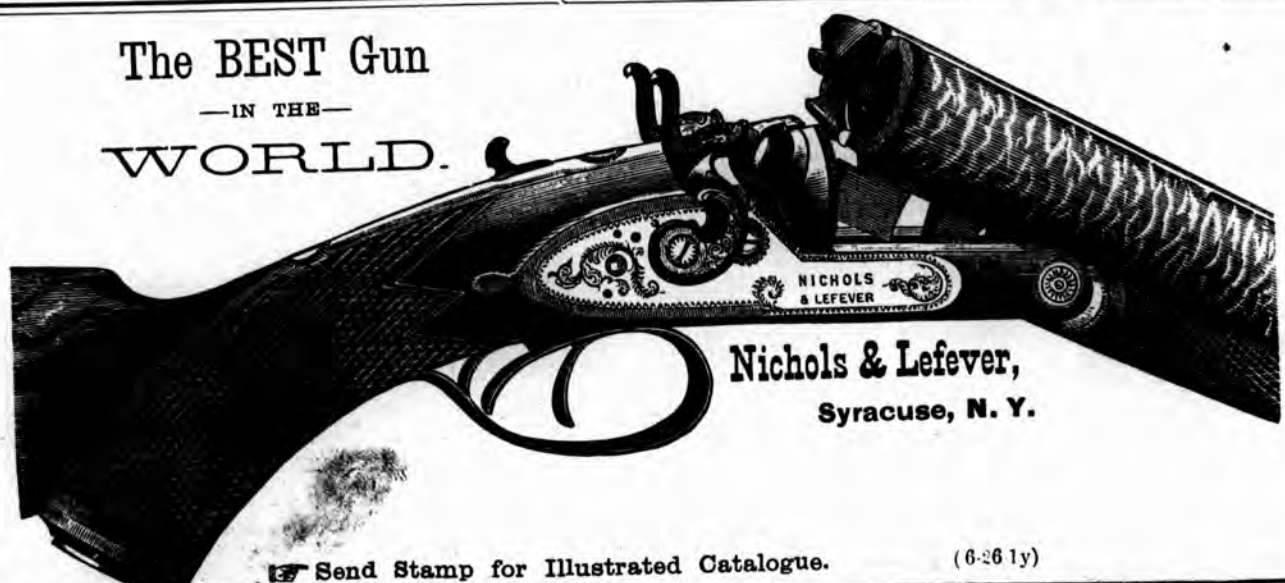

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